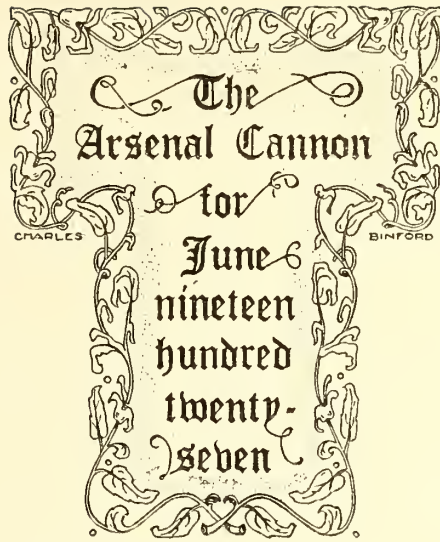

The Arsenal
Cannon
June mcmxxv.ii









The Arsenal Cannon

ARSENAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

JUNE, 1927

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Tomorrows—A Tale of Yesterday



HE Prime Minister climbed into his smart gilded coach, curtly ordered the fat driver on, and sank back on the velvet cushions with a groan. His lordship, the Prime Minister, had not been endowed by Nature with a sweet facial expression, and today—his thin lips drawn closely together in a convex line, his parchment nostrils purple with chagrin, his sharp blue eyes squinted at the corners—he looked like a jealous lover or a soon-to-be-murderer. He tugged at the lace ruff around his neck and loosed it.

"Bestly hot—this London—August too!"

All that sulphurous morning the patient Parliament had listened to the handsome King first plead—demand—then threaten for money, money. Always money! And Parliament wanted to keep its money!

The fashionable gilded coach rumbled over the cobblestones. The Prime Minister's irritation faded and left him tired—tired of the world—or perhaps of London and its heat.

Then his eyes caught the glint of a happy thought. With an amazing alacrity he removed the loosed ruff, slipped off his satin coat, deposited his gold walking stick on the floor of the coach, and threw his white wig to the seat with a shower of powder. As the coach reached Warcliff Highway he ordered the fat driver to halt.

"You may return to Camerly Hall at once, Folks, and inform Her Ladyship not to expect me home till the morrow."

Folks, with gaping mouth, watched his middle-aged master start at a brisk trot down Warcliff Highway. "An' by cricketty, wit' out 'is ruff, coat, 'at, er stick!" Folks, being an obedient coachman, started to Camerly Hall.

The Prime Minister felt a new something rise within himself. How lovely were those great puffs of golden clouds! And those wild pink roses on the stone wall! Why, even the dust of the road was fascinating—how it crept over his pointed black slippers! His wine-colored silk stockings became a comfortable nondescript tone. His face fell from its tension to a pleasant softness.

Suddenly he saw a whistling figure coming toward him from Waterby Lane. It was a slender young fellow—a tradesman probably. On closer view he was not so young, but unmistakably a tradesman. Whistling a tinkling tune, he turned on Warcliff Highway and walked along the road across from the Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister tried not to notice him, but found it rather difficult to walk down a pretty country road with a single companion and not be aware of his presence.

The younger man spoke first. "Bound for anyw're in partic'lar, brother?"

The Prime Minister, to the best of his belief, had never been called "brother" by anyone, and instinctively stiffened his spine.

"Eh?"

"Headed any place especially, I mean?"

"Why—that is—why, no. No place of which I know."

"Then, brother, you and me is bound together—for I'm just soakin' up this God-given day—wonderful, be it not?"

The Prime Minister remembered his impression of the weather earlier in the day and smiled.

"Yes—yes, a God-given day."

"You be a London man too, I believe?"

"Yes—a London man."

"I be too," the whistling tradesman volunteered. "Keep a cheese shop down on Garceyman Square," and glanced at the Prime Minister as though challenging a similar revelation.

The Prime Minister, however, did not see fit to answer, and the two trotted together down the sun-bathed road.

Three hours. Neither spoke. Both men found the silence sufficient and comforting. To the cheese merchant, the Prime Minister was but another comrade of the open road. To the Prime Minister, the tradesman was symbolic of the simplicity foreign to his own life of fashion and intrigue. To such a pair, fulfilling as they did each other's need, conversation was banal.

The brilliant August sun deepened to crimson, seeming to smile on the curiously mated men—

the Prime Minister and the husky cheese merchant, happy in his holiday and a comrade who knew the value of silence.

The sunset came—a fitting finale to the bright day—a sky of cerise and scarlet with tiny purple clouds scattered at random.

Both men were thoroughly tired—and both were desperately hungry. So they turned into a meadow where they saw a laughing little brook and sat down on the grass bank. And then they did a thing the Prime Minister had never done even in his stilted and highly-educated childhood. They pulled off their shoes and stockings, thrust their feet into the cool running water, and waded like school-children upstream!

Then they sat on the soft bank with their weary backs against a yew hedge; and the tradesman brought out a package of cheese and buns. Never had his honor, the Prime Minister, in his long trail of banquets eaten so many buns and so much cheese and enjoyed the eating as he did that sunset repast. They quenched their thirst with the brook water and watched the dusk creep in.

Night. The cheese merchant smoked a strong-smelling pipe and finally fell to sleep under the high hedge.

The Prime Minister lay in the long grass and gazed at the hosts of stars and the crescent moon above. What a ludicrous position for the mightiest lord in the kingdom—in a Warwickshire meadow with a sleeping cheese merchant by his side! The world seemed so simple to-night. For a moment the Prime Minister thought he would gladly give all his power and prestige for another day of roaming and comradeship bliss. But his sense of humor asserted itself. He was the captain at the helm of a great nation; his destiny was to rule. The carefree life of a tradesman belonged to another plane of society.

The Prime Minister stretched himself out by the cheese merchant and sighed. Tomorrow there would be the handsome King—pleading—demanding—threatening—for money; and Parliament would want to keep its money. But what are tomorrows?

The Prime Minister closed his sharp blue eyes.

RUSSELL POTTER

On Going to the Dentist

"Lives or breathes a soul so rare

Who ever to himself has said

'I love to sit in the dentist's chair!'"

Meaning, of course, while he was on the way, waiting, or in the chair. Oh, many of us can, and do say that very thing—a day after the doctor has killed a husky pain; but who has ever said it while he was killing a husky pain? No, I am sure the great majority are like me.

As a general rule, sometime in the night I awaken with a pain "somewhere in my molars," a pain that seems to have "gat roarin' fou on"—a rolling, rollicking rip and stab that seem to turn my whole mandible bone upside-down, shake it, pound it, stomp on it, and then start all over again. With a howl that brings the whole establishment to my side, I sit bolt upright in bed. From this time on until dawn, I have a most wonderful love for the extremely worthy humanitarian helper of mankind. At that time my personal devil tires, and by the time for the fulfilment of my vow to go to the D. D. S. arrives, I am feeling in the pink of condition once more. With consoling, petitioning, and commanding, I am finally induced to "carry on." Hoping against hope that his time may be as Mother's hairdresser's always is, filled up, I call for his number. With extraordinary speed for her kind, the operator obtains my party.

"Doctor L's office," comes a sweet chirrup. "Is—is by any chance—Doctor L there?" I shiver. "Why, certainly." The voice seems laughing at the things it has heard these many times, "—but it happens he is busy just now." I sigh!

"Possibly he will be that way all day?" slightly more hopeful.

"Well, let me see——" blasting my every hope, for I can guess from former experience that, as it is nine now, the appointment will be for ten. It is. I hesitate——

"I-I think maybe——"

"Robert!!!" comes a stern voice at my elbow, and I am past the crossroads, and the appointment is settled.

It is just as well if we skip the agonizing half hour that follows, during which I vow a thousand times to call back and cancel, and during which Mother's thousand vows to the

effect that I will not disturb the household another night keep me from the deed.

After a car ride of the shortest time ever, and an elevator one that flies, I find myself outside the office. As I enter, I most assuredly get no encouragement. There is one poor wretch with a jaw as big as a baseball; a man who has just come out of the room marked "Private," who has a jaw larger than my other friend's, and whose eyes and face tell of excruciating pain just undergone. My legs make a backward movement. Better to die at home than here; but my friend of the phone conversation desires my history, and I surrender.

I take a seat, unconsciously thinking that if worst comes to worst I can jump out of the nearby window. A stand of magazines attracts my attention. The first is a last year's joke magazine, and the rest are no better. Viciously I slam them down, but a small one with a strange cover peeps out. I pick it up with interest. After the usual gauntlet of ads, I come to the first article, "What the Dentist Should Do if too Much Gas is Given." And someone said he would probably give me the stuff! My eyes follow all the horrible details, and just as I come to the part: "And, should the dentist conclude that the patient is dead, he must at once notify the coroner," I feel the dread presence of the chirruper. A dew-like moisture bathes my brow; I become alternately hot and cold; my legs, though at rest, quiver; and the hair on the back of my neck arises; then:

"Would it—I'm terribly sorry, but—well, the Doctor just must leave for an hour or so, and I wonder if you would mind waiting, or—"

The "or" gives me a loophole; of a sudden a rosy glow seems to bathe the drear office, and I can feel, stealing over me, a beautiful affection for the unknown that is calling the chief torturer away. My legs cease their horizontal movement to begin a lateral one.

"Nev' mind. I'll call this afternoon," I lie as I proceed through the door.

On the pleasingly pokey car on the journey home, my radiance is extremely noticeable, so much so that the "gloomy gus" next to me shifts his position, frowns at me, and growls, "Somebody leave you a million?"

"No," I smile, "I've just come from the dentist."

"Huh?" With suspicious eyes he looks me over. "Well, I'll be busted if you ain't one in a thousand!"

One in a thousand, I think, who would be lucky enough to have the dentist walk out on him.

ROBERT OSLER

A Drug Store on a Hot Summer Night

It was the night of one of those days on which the asphalt pavement yields to the slightest pressure; a night on which one instinctively turns toward the drug store.

As I neared the store, which is fairly small, a single delivery boy rushed out with four quarts of ice cream in his arms, climbed onto a bicycle, and was off like Paul Revere carrying the news that the British were coming. From within the store came the hum of the electric fans, the motors of the malted milk churns, and the lazy talk of perspiring people finding relief.

When I entered the store, I was greatly surprised to see how the clerks could hurry on a night like that one. They grabbed dishes; clanged open ice-box lids; slapped ice cream into containers, dishes, cups, cones, or "what have you;" squirted flavors; twisted faucets; stirred madly; and banged trays around until one perspired to look at them. Cash registers clanged, telephone bells rang, money tinkled on marble, feet shuffled, chairs bumped. The clerks collected dishes, threw away used straws and paper dishes, and proceeded to begin all over again.

"Hey, what's yours?" a clerk fired at me.

"Lemon cherry 'coke,'" I fired in return.

A squirt here, a squirt somewhere else, a twist of the carbonated water faucet, a stir, and it was ready for the consumer.

I sipped the cool, foaming drink lingeringly, examining with careless eyes the immaculate white walls, colorful advertisements, and magazines. When I reached bottom, I started to stroll in the direction of the door.

"Hey, whaddo you think this is, Santy Claus' birthday, for instance? Pay as you leave, if not before," yelled the clerk at me.

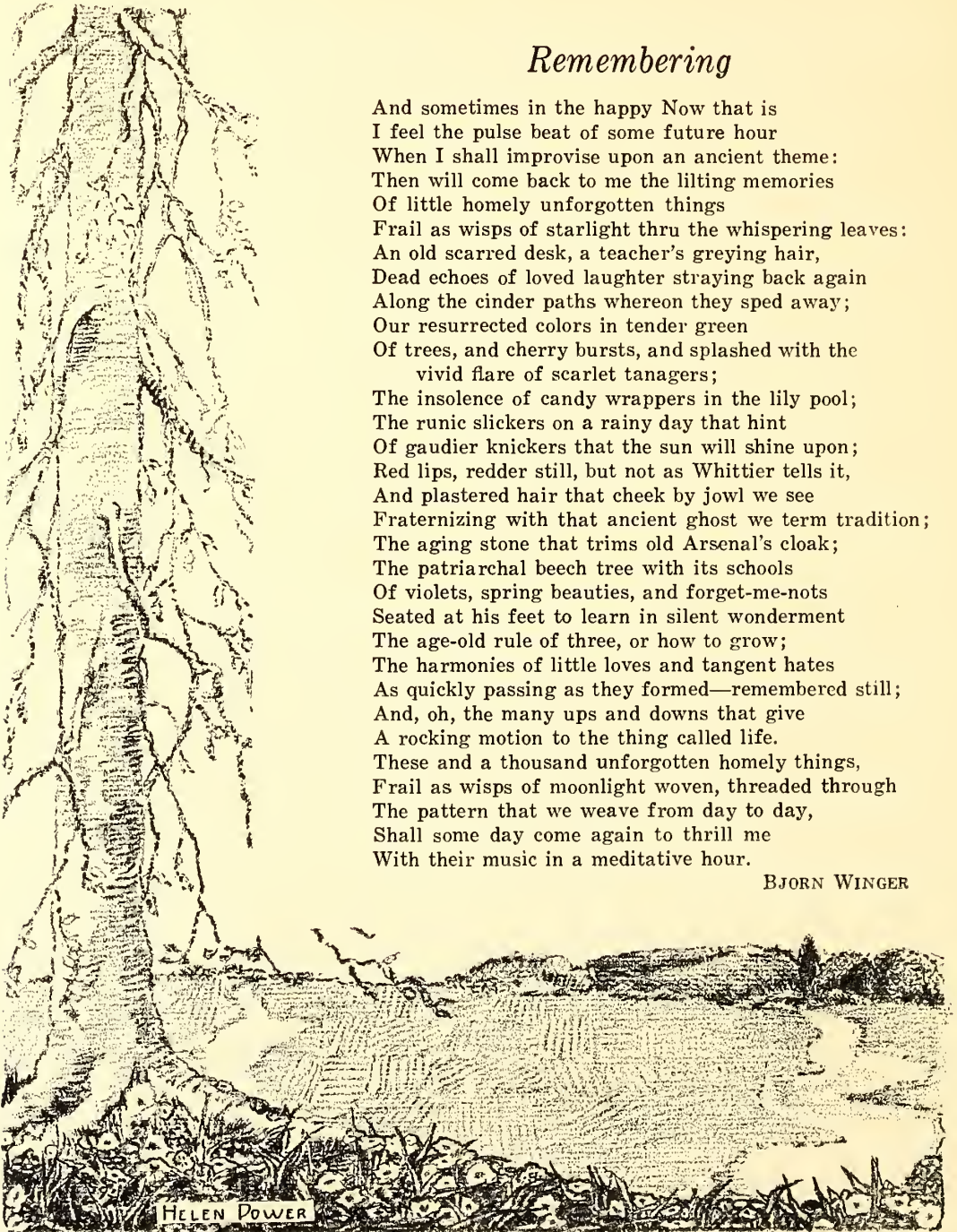
I sheepishly hauled out a nickel and slipped away.

ELMER OSTLING

Remembering

And sometimes in the happy Now that is
I feel the pulse beat of some future hour
When I shall improvise upon an ancient theme:
Then will come back to me the lilting memories
Of little homely unforgotten things
Frail as wisps of starlight thru the whispering leaves:
An old scarred desk, a teacher's greying hair,
Dead echoes of loved laughter straying back again
Along the cinder paths whereon they sped away;
Our resurrected colors in tender green
Of trees, and cherry bursts, and splashed with the
vivid flare of scarlet tanagers;
The insolence of candy wrappers in the lily pool;
The runic slickers on a rainy day that hint
Of gaudier knickers that the sun will shine upon;
Red lips, redder still, but not as Whittier tells it,
And plastered hair that cheek by jowl we see
Fraternizing with that ancient ghost we term tradition;
The aging stone that trims old Arsenal's cloak;
The patriarchal beech tree with its schools
Of violets, spring beauties, and forget-me-nots
Seated at his feet to learn in silent wonderment
The age-old rule of three, or how to grow;
The harmonies of little loves and tangent hates
As quickly passing as they formed—remembered still;
And, oh, the many ups and downs that give
A rocking motion to the thing called life.
These and a thousand unforgotten homely things,
Frail as wisps of moonlight woven, threaded through
The pattern that we weave from day to day,
Shall some day come again to thrill me
With their music in a meditative hour.

BJORN WINGER



The Arsenal Cannon



James P. Abraham - 27

The Arsenal Cannon



Clarence.

Marashy

The Arsenal Cannon



The Arsenal Cannon





Typical Twin Pyramid



Whale Spearing In Jerk's Ocean.



Three Little Maids In A Row.



Miss Fix Smiles.



A Rose Between Two Thorns.

Campus Snaps.



Giggles.



Monkey Shines.



One Windy Day -



Oh, Rodney!



Sitting Pretty.

The Arsenal Cannon

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Staff 1



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The
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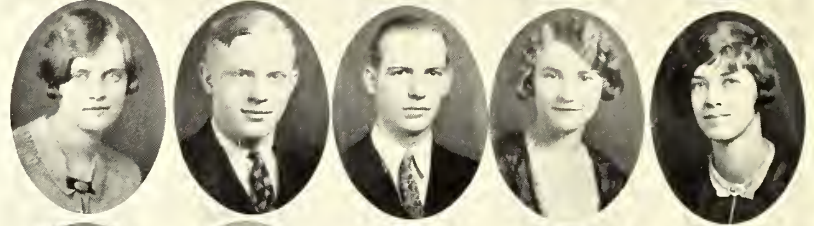
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ROLL ROOM 4



MISS MARGARET ATWELL
HE. & SPORTS R.
ROLL ROOM 1



MISS ALTA WELCH
ROLL ROOM 25

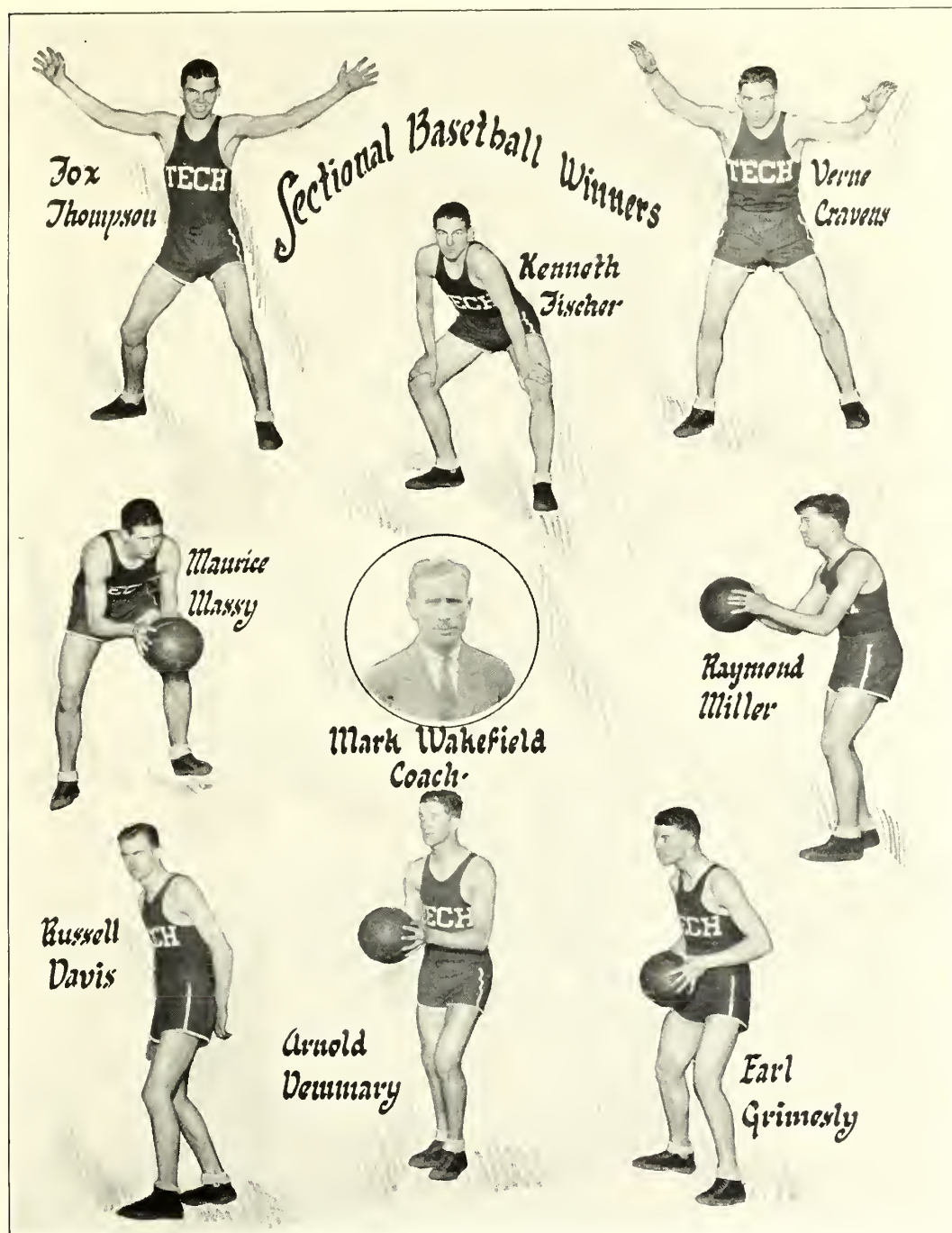


MILO H. STUART
PRINCIPAL



MISS CLARA RYAN
CLASS PLAY DIRECTOR





The Arsenal Cannon



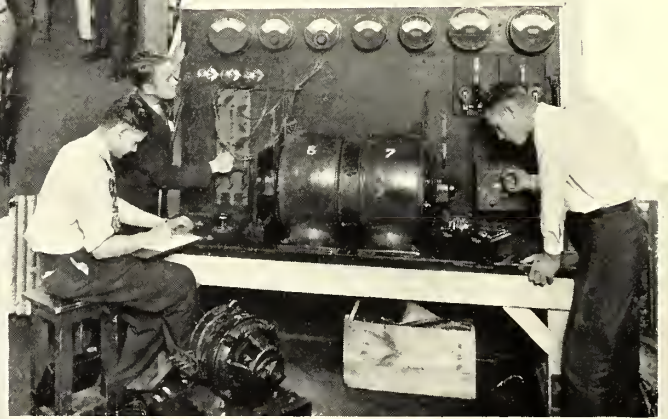
In 'The Main Office'



An Hour in Cooking



During the Fifth Hour



Future 'Electrical' Engineers

The Arsenal Cannon



Cement class projects ?



R.O.T.C. Rifle team

The Sprayer in Action



The New Vegetable Market



The Arsenal Cannon



With Our Printers



Tring. H. Surveys



In Auto Construction



In The Machine Shop

The Arsenal Cannon



Production Force at Work



Hats In The Making



The Bake Shop Opens

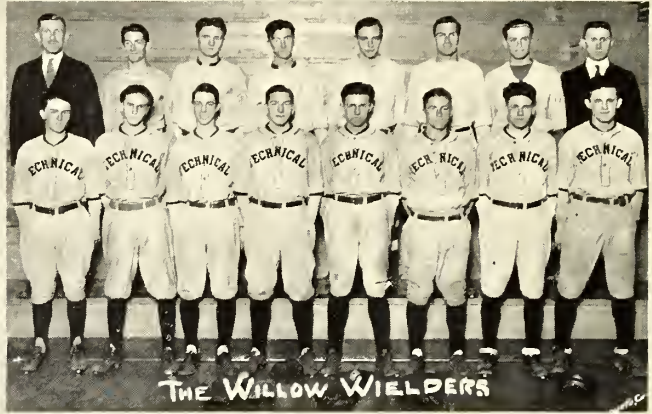
A Typewriting Class



The Arsenal Cannon



MR STEWART
RESTING



THE WILLOW WIELDERS



MISS KALTZ



ACROSS THE BRIDGE TO THE COURTS



MISS ELLIOTT



MISS BARNETT



TECH TRACKSTERS



AT THE GAME

History of the June '27 Senior Class

AS FRESHMEN

*"Determined, fearing, wistful, meek,
Staunch at the start of wisdom's quest
For all the jests, he's not so weak—
The Freshman, ready with his best."*



SO IT was with the June '27 seniors when they were freshmen in the fall of '23. As they entered the iron gates by which they gained admission to the campus, there appeared before them, it seemed, a massive, dynamic structure: a building with a firm and strong foundation of great accomplishments, the walls of which were supported by the reputation and traditions of a wonderful high school. On the tower of this building, which was filled with treasure and secrets, was a Black Ghost. It was that Black Ghost that welcomed them and advised them "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

That Black Ghost pointed out to them the numerous confronting tests and started them with a clean slate, a determined spirit, and encouraging words on the road to success.

It was not long before the freshman class developed a respect and love for the Black Ghost and his dynamic abode. Why shouldn't they? The massive building was none other than the Arsenal upon whose tower was the large black bell that struck out the hours of the day.

The autumn ended, and in mid-winter the

freshmen began the second semester of their high school career. In the spring that followed many of their number entered into the athletic world by going out for track.

By this time the freshmen of '23 began to realize more and more the opportunities afforded them. Several joined the clubs which consisted of the Latin Club, Girls' Glee Club, Choral Society, Girls' Physical Training Club, Math Club, and Spanish Club. To make the realization stronger in their minds, the senior class of June '24 presented their class play, "The Romantic Age."

June came. It was the one big month of the year. Awards for valor, service, and ability were given to the deserving students. The seniors were given diplomas, the deserving athletes received letters, monograms, or the A. T. S. buttons. Among those athletes to receive awards were: Maurice Massy, Stanfield Krueger, Vernon Cravens, Rodney Drane, and Arnold Demmery, all members of the freshman class.

June 11, 1924 closed the school year and also ended their freshman year. The following September the same class would enter Tech as sophomores.

AS SOPHOMORES

*"Soon finds his knowledge is not so deep,
Nor his fair brilliance half so bright;
Humility his share to keep—
The Sophomore with his half-blown light."*

THE freshmen of '23 started their sophomore year with great anxiety and enthusiasm. Although the start was vigorous, it was not a start that would remain consistent throughout the year. Many had experienced being on the honor roll the previous year, but

even they did not seem to have the right attitude toward school life. What was the reason for such? The reason was that school life became drearier to them, and it was the sophomore year that made them dreary. For two semesters they had studied the same subjects.

Every afternoon and night the same language, math, and English assignment had to be prepared.

Undoubtedly the sophomores' life was very monotonous, and it would continue to be monotonous until the next year when they could change their curriculum at will.

For this reason a few members of the sophomore '24 class became discouraged and discontented. They either transferred to Shortridge or Manual, quit school, or remained as boresome, outcast students. They were outcasts because they lacked school spirit and the will to make good.

Although there existed such outcasts, there were hundreds of sophomores who carried with them the words of the Black Ghost: "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." It was this type of student that had established in the years the undying reputation of Tech. These sophomores were doing their part in supporting that reputation which had been established.

Herbert Keene, a member of the sophomore

'24 class, distinguished himself as an artist of unusual ability when he won first prize in a state-wide poster contest.

The R. O. T. C. of Tech for the third consecutive time won the title of *Honor School* in the Fifth Corps Area. Many of those in the sophomore '24 class participated in the inspection.

With the coming of spring the majority of the sophomores either yielded to the effects of spring fever or else were tired out. Whatever the reason, there was little recorded of any outstanding accomplishments of their class.

Rodney Drane was establishing the athletic reputation of the class by his astonishing speed records in track. For such ability he was awarded his letter. At the same time Massy, Cravens, Demmary, Krueger, and Wuelfing were given awards for their athletic ability.

The school year ended June 10, 1925. It was with much rejoicing and excitement that the monotonous sophomore year had ended. The next year sophomores would return to Tech as juniors.

AS JUNIORS

*"All honor for the Senior next,
Disdain for Soph, and Freshie wee;
At last he's learned 'most all the test—
The Junior, great with what he'll be!"*

THE freshmen of '23 and the sophomores of '24 became at this time the juniors of '25. To all the juniors there came a realization that school life really had some pleasures. As the days went by more responsibility was given to juniors. It was the junior that was president or officer in the various campus organizations.

They had learned in the previous years that the greatest asset students could have was the popularity gained from their instructors and classmates by means of outstanding accomplishments. By being popular they were aiding themselves to some extent and to a greater measure they were building up the reputation of the school. Every junior joined the "Grand March" toward popularity.

At the start of the year the juniors gave their hearty welcome to the students who were destined to be outstanding in the rush to

popularity: Minnie Auerbach who came from Elwood to join the progressive class, Russell Davis from Beech Grove, and Leon Saler from California.

Several juniors, Theodore Sedam, Leonard Trent, Mildred Beadle, Miriam Schad, Charlotte Derck, and Robert Miller, began their journalistic career by being reporters for the CANNON. The privilege of being a member of the CANNON staff was given only to those students who had been members of the journalism class.

The following members of the junior '26 class were members of the journalism class which was an honorary class taught by Miss Ella Sengenberger: Mildred Arnholter, Ruth Landers, Naomi Guild, Cecile Spicklemire, Minnie Auerbach, Anna Marie Brodeur, Easperance Hilt, Jeannette McArthy, Thomas Fittz, Ruby Hill, Thelma Land, and Stanfield Krue-

The Arsenal Cannon

ger. To be members of this class students had to qualify in scholarship and character.

Miriam Schad, a member of the junior class, won second prize in an editorial contest sponsored by the Indiana High School Press Association. Miriam, with others, entered in the Better Home Lighting Contest.

For the second time in his high school life, Herbert Keene proved that he had the ability of a commercial artist. He won honorable mention in the Washington Bank Poster Contest.

The football team that year made the best record that Tech had ever had. This was well brought out when the Tech gridders won a 6-to-0 victory over Steele High. This was the

first time Tech ever scored a victory over the strong Steele fellows. Tech was not defeated by an Indiana high school team that year.

The same year Russell Davis, Maurice Massy, and Arnold Demmary became well known for their basketball ability. Much to the disappointment of many people Tech lost to Shortridge in the finals of the Sectional after they had won the City Series from Shortridge.

Mr. Stuart closed the school year by presenting diplomas to the seniors and awards to deserving athletes. The junior class was well represented by Massy, Demmary, Drane, Wuelfling, Adams, and Davis, athletes. Stanfield Krueger received the Dyer Medal.

AS SENIORS

*"So calm, and wise, a brainy guy,
A traveler near the four-laps close
And poised for soon in life to fly—
The Senior, hence with sighs he goes!"*

IT WAS on the sixth day of September in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-six that four hundred and eighty-six hesitant seniors took their assigned places in Roll Rooms 1, 4, and 25. Miss Axtell was sponsor of the senior class and Roll Room 1.

Miss Harter and Miss Welch were sponsors of Roll Room 4 and 25 respectively.

The first activity was started when the roll rooms elected their chairmen: Russell Davis, Room 4; Theodore Sedam, Room 25; and Stanfield Krueger, Room 1. (Concluded on page 60)

"Carry On"

The days have swiftly fled by, the busy, carefree days,
And now we tread with loitering feet the old familiar ways;
No longer shall we climb the stairs in dread of coming test;
Or pass bright noon-time hours away with carefree quip and jest.
The classrooms and the corridors will know our steps no more,
Though we'll see them in our memory as clearly as before.
And may there never be a time when halls will silent grow,
May there always be young footsteps to forever come and go:
And always may new classes come to find what Tech can teach,
To keep her colors ever clean, and strive her goals to reach;
And we will try with all our hearts to show what we have learned
When from the gates of Technical our faces we have turned;
For none can share Tech always; we too must pass along
As so many other classes have before us come and gone;
But, strengthened with the memory of these four years, we know
That we shall carry Tech ideals wherever we may go;
Still shall we tread the ways of Tech though our school days are gone,
And forever and forever shall we staunchly carry on!

ELIZABETH DAVIS

Why the Parrot Has a Curved Nose



LONG, long ago, when the world was very young, all the animals and birds could laugh and talk and sing. Birdland was a happy place, but of course there was discord there just as there now is in every town and city. Bobby Blue-jay and Bertie Blackbird were on bad terms, because each claimed the most beautiful feathers, and all the young birds were envious of Polly Parrot. I shall tell you how Polly, from being a beautiful, gay bird, became a sad, rather homely one.

Polly had the most beautiful feathers in all Birdland. Her coat was of green and red, with yellow and black spots. She had pensive bright eyes and a long, slender nose, and she was fully conscious of her beauty. All day long she flitted merrily about the house, singing happily. Polly was just at the age when a girl's heart thrills to masculine overtures, and many, many birds had come wooing. Polly's heart inclined to young Freddy Falcon, the handsomest youth in Birdland. Every one—with one exception—approved of the match, for Freddy and Polly were such a good looking young couple, ideally mated.

This brings us to one objector, Dr. Harry Hawk. Harry had courted Polly in vain; she simply repulsed him every time he tried to say pretty things. More than that, she had even laughed at him, making fun of his ridiculously curved nose. So when Polly's engagement was announced, Dr. Harry frowned and muttered to himself.

You see his feelings had been hurt and he wanted revenge.

Dr. Harry's chance came a week before the date set for Polly's wedding. Bumble Bee, the honey manufacturer, dropped into Harry's office for a little chat. Harry was seized with a great idea and enlisted Mr. Bee's aid.

The next morning, Mr. Bee called two young Bees into his office and gave them careful instructions. They immediately set out for the Parrot home. Later that morning, Dr. Harry's telephone rang. Polly's mother was calling in distress; some wicked Bees had flown through the window while Polly was asleep and had gone right up her nose! Poor Polly was in terrible pain, for the Bees were buzzing about her head and refused to come out. "Please, Harry," implored Mrs. Parrot, "come and get them out." Dr. Harry was grinning as he hung up the receiver and packed his bag.

When he arrived at the Parrot home, poor Polly was lying on the bed screaming with might and main. Dr. Harry looked at her sorrowfully and then said, "I had better put her to sleep, Mrs. Parrot; otherwise I cannot remove the Bees."

So Dr. Harry gave Polly some sleeping medicine, and then he set to work. He hammered away at her poor little

nose, and then he whacked it, and cut it, and twisted it, and sewed it, and pulled it, and pressed it, and finally he told the Bees to come out before he bandaged it. When Polly awoke, her nose was bandaged and all pain was gone.

But alas! how great was Polly's horror when she took the bandage off a week later. Her slender, aristocratic nose was now a huge curved beak, almost as bad as Harry Hawk's. Too late poor Polly suspected the truth. Harry had deliberately ruined her nose!

When the fickle Freddy Falcon saw Polly's nose, he burst into amazed laughter; and Polly broke her engagement on the spot. He would probably have jilted her anyway.

Polly became a recluse, and her merry voice became hoarse and disagreeable. Later in life she married, and her nose has passed on down to her great-great-great-great grandchildren.

RUTH METCALF



My Gypsy Maid

"And mind you watch the gypsies,"
My father said one day,
"There's something in the blood of us
Will turn the gypsy way."
I listened to my father talk—
But oh! if he could see
The little dancing gypsy girl
Who stole my heart from me.

There's something in the blood of us—
A bit of Persian moon?
To touch our hearts and make us love
A ragged gypsy's tune,
And when the spring comes down the road
I dream that I shall see
The little dancing gypsy girl
Who stole my heart from me.

WALTER HOOVER

Spring Again

I was told to write a rhyme,
But I really haven't time
To think up any eulogy Homeric,
But some simple little thing
Like "the birdies in the spring"
Makes quite an entertaining little
lyric.

And although I haven't heard
Any songs, or seen a bird,
Or a daffodil, or violet, or thistle,
I have seen the flying feet
Of the youngsters on the street,
And today I heard a peanut wagon
whistle.

HUNTER KENNEDY



Nocturne

The moonlight rests upon the blue lagoon,
Like silver petals of a shattered rose.
Night draws her veil of dew about the earth
And calls the tired and toiling to repose.
Her bosom gives surcease to fools and wise—
She locks Man's sobs and secrets in her eyes.

RUSSELL POTTER



Wild Roses

They tangle by the roadside,
They tumble on the hill,
They cluster in fence corners,
Through pasture bars they spill;
They peep with winsome faces
Through gaps in hedgerows high;
They scramble up gray gateposts
To clutch at passers-by;

I'd like to be a wild rose,—
Just such a one as these;
I'd like to be the sweetheart
Of every saucy breeze;
I'd like to catch the dewdrops
When a June day closes;—
I'd like to be as care-free
And sweet as wild roses!

ELIZABETH DAVIS

Soulesque

In morning's glow and evening's early silver
Youth lingers in my garden fair—
Steps cautiously on ageless flowers
And paths of maidenhair.
And never morning comes without a find
Of some exotic and enchanted flower
That, borne into my garden, flourishes
Through every ageless hour.

And never evening steals in through the gate
To mingle with the shadows of my trees
But that the sorrows of unnumbered years
Are lost in ecstasies.
Blossoms lift child faces; saplings rise—
Cathedral spires in dignity of prayer—
My garden-place is lovely, for
An ageless God walks there.

MINNIE AUERBACH

Prophecy of June '27 Class



T WAS not exactly with a feeling of pleasure that we, two humble reporters, entered the spacious, green-carpeted office of Miss Charlotte Derck, editor-in-chief of the *World Press*. Rumor had it that Miss Derck was not altogether pleased with the work of her two reporters; and if her glare sent in our direction counted for anything, rumor was correct.

After a somewhat lengthy lecture on loafing she finally relieved us with the promise of one more chance. If we could secure an article concerning the whereabouts of the June '27 graduating class of Technical High School, we would not only keep our positions, but also receive an advance in our salary. This last mentioned appealed especially to us. Since our first problem was to choose a likely place to start, we dragged forth Egan and Early's Superior Map of America, and scanning it carefully, eventually came to a large dot which proved to be the site of Kruegerville. Looking up its history, written by Oran Watts, we discovered that it was founded by our own Stanfield Krueger, president of the '27 class. There could be no better starting place for our quest than this little village, we decided.

We felt quite proud as we stepped off the train at Kruegerville, for great crowds were gathered around the depot, cheering lustily. The enthusiasm, however, we discovered, was not for us, but for the Kruegerville football team which was on the same train. It had just returned victorious from a game with Deweyville High School, its bitterest rival. Upon inquiry, we learned that Mr. Maurice Massy, himself, had coached the team to such a noble victory.

We could not get near enough to Maurice to congratulate him on his success, so we proceeded on through the city. As we approached the downtown district, we saw crowds lined up on both sides of the street, waiting to see the election parade. The election was to be held the following day. We procured a list of the nominees among whom were John Hughes for mayor, Francis Beach for treasurer, "Bill"

Redding for judge, Warren Ruddle for coroner, and Rodman Close for dog catcher.

The parade was only two and a half hours late. At its head was Orville Lancaster, chief of police, followed by a picked squad of twelve policemen, among whom we recognized four former prominent '27ers: Carl Hittle, Armadale Carver, Robert Storer, and Henry Beard. In the Women Voters' Club, which also occupied a car in this parade, we saw Eva Pyle, president of the club, Louise Alford, Ruth Metcalf, and Ruth Brasington. In a handsome radio-controlled car came the United Brotherhood of Bachelors of whom we instantly discerned Thomas Fittz, president of the organization, James Clark, Robert Gray, Charles Fiel, Herbert Bass, and James Cory, master of ceremonies.

The long wait for the parade tired us considerably, so we decided to risk calling one of those bright red taxis flashing about the streets. On these taxis was painted the following: "Harry Bailey Taxi Co. Always at your service." It did not take us long to recall Harry as one of our '27 classmates.

While we were gliding slowly about looking over the town, we saw the business establishment of William Elliott and Herman Fields. They own the biggest shoe-shining parlor in Kruegerville. Farther on we noticed a large sign which read: "Joel D. Eastman, Jr., African big game hunter, will lecture at 3:30." We glared at the clock in the Claude Sperlin jewelry store and, discovering it to be about 3:30, we decided to attend the lecture.

We looked over the huge audience and discovered many of our former classmates, all looking happy and prosperous. Among them were Dorothy Dean, Frederick Nichols, Robert Berner, Lew Ella Hickman, and Helen Vinson.

To think, meditated we, that we had graduated with such a brave man as J. D. had turned out to be. We managed to see him after his lecture, and he imparted some valuable information concerning our classmates. In his explorations in dark Africa he had come upon Lowell Rhodehamel trapping butterflies, and Junior Smith searching for a new species of

the Patagonia onion daisy. Henry Gibson, he declared, was working as lion-tamer of the Henry Schmidt and Ray West circus. J. D. had trapped the lions and then turned them over to Henry to tame.

J. D. also said that he had seen Dale Young on a busy corner in New York, executing a wicked tune on a hand organ, while his monkey, which had a keen eye for business, was collecting pennies. J. D. also said that on his latest trip to dark Africa, "Bob" Walden had been captain of the steamer, and David Easley was a deck hand; and he had also seen Bruce Hurlbert on his way to sketch the pyramids, with "Abe" Meyer, his valet. On the same boat was Ruth Landers, bound for the African jungles as a representative of the Paul Rogers and George Stone Dog Biscuit Company. Ruth planned to sell these biscuits to the natives to feed the lions.

At last, perceiving there were many others besides ourselves desiring interviews with Mr. Eastman, we reluctantly took leave and proceeded on our way.

We bought a copy of the *Evening News* and saw on the front page that Phillip Baker's car had plunged over an embankment into the river, but since Phil had luckily brought his water wings along, he had swum to shore.

In the sport section we saw that Vernon Cravens had won the tin cup for swimming the one hundred yard free-style in the Olympic meet, that Kenneth Fischer had procured the Robert Adams medal for staying under water the longest, and that Russell Davis had carried off all honors for fancy diving.

In the advertisement section of the paper we noticed that Leslie Muesing was a prosperous undertaker, thanks to the co-operation of Doctor "Fred" Winters. We also found the ads of Marian Fehrenbach, owner of a ten cent store; Thelma Wallace, proprietress of a dog and cat hospital; Bagdasar Deranian, brilliant criminal lawyer; and Robert Watkins, florist, whose ad said that he had a limited supply of the Louise Fahle roses at a special price.

There was also a scathing editorial accusing Vincent Fowler, author of Fowler's Unstandard Dictionary, of leaving out hundreds of words in this dictionary because he could not spell them.

We perceived that a few people in our graduation class had distinguished themselves as inventors. John O'Connor had just received a patent on his new device for shutting off alarm clocks without hurling them into the atmosphere. Among those who have already purchased this device and recommend it highly are Virginia Balay, Elizabeth Davis, and Minnie Auerbach. Furman Stout has discovered a way to take the squirt out of grapefruit.

In the society column we found that Miss Marion White was giving a tea in honor of the Misses Naomi Guild and Elsie Gilkison who were soon to marry a Duke and a Marquis respectively and then sail for Europe on the Leviathan II of the Black Star line, owned by the corporation of Schuman and Sandberg. Of course, we remembered Harold and Carl, our classmates. Guests at the tea were the Misses Rose Cassell, Florence Henning, Lucille Wright, Mary Louise Wright, Dorothy Stoelting, Joan Sink, and Ruby Hill.

We began to feel the need of refreshments about this time, and searching for a suitable place, came upon a dainty chocolate shop. The proprietress, herself, greeted us, and it was none other than Alice Evans. Miriam Schad was behind the counter vigorously stirring chocolate. Patrons of the shop whom we recognized were Margaret Bradburn, Frances Walters, Florence Blackwell, Elisabeth Meyers, Clara Glass, and Edith Westerman. Upon inquiring where would be the best place to spend the evening, Alice told us to go to the Scheuring Opera House, owned by Charles Scheuring.

Thither we wended our way. We passed a restaurant in the window of which was Donald Grote, making flapjacks. A little further on, we passed Edward Sargent, a book agent. He stopped us, and finally persuaded us to buy a copy of Arnold Demmery's "Trials and Tribulations of a Handsome Athlete."

We next came upon the beauty shoppe owned by Margaret Fairhurst. We stopped in to chat with Margaret who told us that the first to receive permanent waves were Loinel Suits, Ellsworth Sunman, and Reed Thompson. Roger Sneden had recently had his face lifted.

Just before going into the show, we saw a great crowd gathered, and to our surprise we recognized "Pete" Sedam, who, because of his

The Arsenal Cannon

oratorical abilities, is now making street corner speeches for the Salvation Army. We applauded loudly and donated several street car slugs to go to the needy heathen.

We made our way into the Opera House, and Rodney Drane, head usher, gave us excellent seats (in the gallery.) We looked around us before the show started and saw Herbert Keene, the great painter. He, a great artist at Tech, is now painting houses and barns. We saw Beatrice Johnson, society leader, who is considering organizing an Indian Club; it is said to be a very striking subject.

By far the best act was "Unmusical Harmonies" with Orphie Bridges and Richard Dickson. Their duet, when Orphie played "Home, Sweet Home" on the Jews' harp and Richard played "God Save the King" on the accordion, was a masterpiece.

Another good act of the evening was "Just a Little Flower Girl," starring Mary Fletcher, and written and directed by Florence Rathert. It was extremely beautiful and sad, and among those in the audience who sobbed loudly were Gordon May, Cecile Spicklemire, Gladys Mower, and Francis Iacobelli. As we were leaving the theater, Mary Alice McCarty and Jeannette McArthur invited us to reside at the McCarty and McArthur Grand Hotel during our stay in Kruegerville, and we willingly accepted.

Oddly, after Saturday, the next day was Sunday, and inquiring as to the nearest church, we journeyed thither. As we went in, Charles Cosand and Leslie Dammeyer, deacons, welcomed us; and our surprise knew no bounds as we saw the minister. It was none other than our own "Bill" Cook. He said that he was "bally" glad to see us, and informed us that after years of perseverance he had learned to put on a monocle without opening his mouth. Some of the members in the congregation were Leroy Clouse, Jane DeHart, Gordon Derby, Selma Farb, Marie Ferguson, and Alma Frohne.

That noon, while reading the funny paper at the hotel, we saw that Marvin Garrison was the cartoonist of one of the comic strips, called "Heavy Harry." He is reported to have had Harry Clark in mind when he created it. From the latest reports Harry is now an expert

mountain climber and has been known to ascend mountains fifty feet high.

We inquired about the hotel and learned that Mildred Arnholter and Mildred Klein had become fabulously wealthy with their aeroplane transportation service. Among the expert aviators are Noel Dunham, Lloyd Galiher, Lenard Sorensen, and John Rosebaum.

We decided to take a ride in one of these aeroplanes, hoping we might see more of our '27 classmates. Sure enough, just ahead of us was Lillian Steinmetz, a dashing young widow. She invited us to her lawn party that afternoon, and we gladly accepted. She informed us that Thelma Land and Mary Brown had become oculists. Among those whom they have fitted with spectacles are Nellie Hanna, Lucille Kern, Harry Levin, Paul Robb, Edna Rubin, and Robert Neely. Bob attributes his eye trouble to too much studying while in high school. From Lillian we also found out that Max Lewis is principal of the Deweyville high school and Mary Virginia Aldridge, dean.

At the party we met Carolyn Lachnit, Alice Lingenfelter, Kenton Gardner, Josephine Abbott, and Robert Ross.

Toward evening we went indoors and danced the Brown Hop, invented by Glenn Brown, leader of the noted Tin Pan orchestra. After several had fallen from exhaustion, we decided to stop and listen to Dudley Jarboe, who writes stories for "kiddies."

We stayed at the party until after the refreshments had been served and then regretfully took our leave. To our surprise we discovered that we had but five minutes to get to the station and catch the train that was to carry us back to our editor-in-chief.

We arrived just in time to see the train pulling out. Left there, tired and out of breath, we talked things over and decided that as long as we liked Kruegerville so well we would just stay there.

And no doubt when you read this manuscript, we will still be there.

MILDRED BEADLE
FRANK FAIRCHILD



Kin Hubbard Talks to Russell Potter



NOTHING started him—he just began,” Kin Hubbard answered in reply to my question as to the genesis of his family creation, “Abe Martin,” the back country philosopher.

For twenty years “Abe Martin” has tickled the funny bones of newspaper readers all over the country with his terse, ironical epigrams. In one pithy, shrewd, sentence he sums up the weighty national problems of the day. For example, on prohibition he writes: “Mr. and Mrs. Artie Small wuz awakened about four o’clock this mornin’ by burglars singin’ in their cellar.”

Frank McKinney Hubbard is the son of the postmaster in Bellefontaine, Ohio. As a boy he worked on and off for five years in the town postoffice. Later he traveled some years as an entertainer and organizer of vaudeville troupes. Discouraged in the show business, he became a caricaturist and attended all the state and local political conventions. He was in his early thirties when “Abe Martin” first appeared in the *Indianapolis News*. Four years later the rights were sold to a syndicate, and today “Abe Martin” is a daily feature in almost one hundred and fifty newspapers scattered over the United States.

Annually for twenty years a little book of Abe Martin’s collected “wise cracks” has been published. The titles include *Abe Martin’s Almanac*, *Fifty-two Weeks of Abe Martin*, *Brown County Fables*, and his last, *Hoss Sense and Nonsense*. A weekly essay called “Short Furrows” appears in many newspapers.

Mr. Hubbard has contributed to various periodicals among which are *The Saturday Evening Post*, *College Humor*, and *Liberty*. He has never attempted any serious fiction.

“Sometimes I can pen my lines directly upon reaching the office, but often I do not have them written until the last minute of the eleventh hour. The accompanying sketches are usually made at least a week in advance.”

Several years ago Mr. Hubbard took a trip around the world. He did not, however, use his travels as subject-matter for “Abe Martin.”

Kin Hubbard was an intimate friend of James Whitcomb Riley, and he recalls tenderly the long country drives they took together shortly before the Hoosier Poet’s death.

His journalistic experiences have associated him for many years with the Indiana authors, Booth

Tarkington and Meredith Nicholson.

James Whitcomb Riley wrote:

TO KIN HUBBARD—

The Father Of His Countrymen, Abe Martin

Abe Martin!—dad-burn his old picture
Of hoss-sense and no sense at all!
The author, Kin Hubbard, ’s so keerless
He draws Abe ’most eyeless and earless
But he’s never yit pictured him cheerless
Er with fun at he tried to conceal.

A large painting of “Abe Martin,” as pictured by Will Vawter, noted artist and illustrator of Riley’s poems, hangs in Mr. Hubbard’s office in the Indianapolis News Building. Mr. Vawter is a close friend and one of the first men Mr. Hubbard met after coming to Indiana.

(Concluded on page 57)



My Daughter—The Modern Girl



HAVE a daughter who is a "Flapper." Incidentally she is sixteen. Now to say that a girl is sixteen is decidedly more serious than to say that she is fifteen or eighteen. A girl at fifteen is innocent; a girl at eighteen knows enough to act innocent; but a sixteen-year-old girl, with her lack of knowledge, finds joy in the fact that she, to herself, is modern—a new institution. Consequently, we have endured many, many revolutions in our once peaceful home. No more do I read the evening paper in the living room or smoke on our big overstuffed davenport before the fireplace. Often have I scampered out of the parlor in my bathrobe in order to dodge some "devoted darling" who suddenly dashed up on our porch. Many moons ago did I cease to hold any hope of being able to retire at ten o'clock in silence. I can not even go into the front room to get my "specks," when she has a party or company, unless I am washed and shaved and have my shoes on. If I put my foot down to stop all of this, my wife just "steps on it." Thus I live, day in and day out, simply because we have a "Flapper" in our home.

Apparently the privilege of being a "Flapper" depends about seventy-five per cent on appearance and twenty-five on personality. In fact, when the appearance has been built up to a high degree, that, in itself, forms a personality. A person when well dressed becomes possessed with a feeling of security that constitutes the basis for conduct among other people. If we limit these statements to the "Flapper" it can easily be seen how clothes and appearance become the major points in her existence. Now what my daughter does is dress. All her money and most of mine goes for new dresses, new coats, new hats, shoes, and numerous other things that are so vital to the woman of today. Strangely, my wife sanctions all this and even encourages it. I sometimes wonder if it is because she gets them when they grow a trifle old. Following all the fads is her pet hobby. Anything that might be considered chic, collegiate, or ultra-modern can be found in her wardrobe. Some time ago she came home from her work

with a dog collar around her neck, a great big dog collar with brass buttons covering it. It somewhat unnerves me to think that I have a daughter who wears a dog collar. For some reason some women have of late become incensed with a desire to dress in a strictly tailored or mannish mode. Naturally the desire has invaded our home. My favorite ties vanish at the hands of my daughter. My shirts reek of perfume. Once in the fall of 1926 Doris, my daughter, with two other girls, dressed as boys and went down town. Unfortunately it was the night of my club's annual banquet, and she wore my best trousers. Her latest shoes are duplicates of my own, with possible exception of size. One Sunday morning as I was dressing for church, my suspenders broke, but Doris gladly lent me hers as she wasn't wearing them that day.

From my own knowledge of life and psychology I find that people have a tendency to live under an assumed or developed personality.

Some are affected less than others, but as a rule a trace of it can be found in most people. It is noticeably developed in persons who live continuously with the public, or who are associated with strangers a great deal of the time. Since Doris has been working, her nature has changed radically. Three years ago she liked to read so well that we always had trouble getting her to the table or to bed at night if she had a book. I remember once finding her reading "Pilgrim's Progress." She still likes to read. Last night I came home and found her asleep in the parlor with a book titled "The Son of a Sheik" half open in her lap. This attitude has been assumed long enough and become so well developed that only at long intervals do I find any trait that would enable anyone to think she is the girl that lives inside all this veneer.

The fact that this personality is an assumed one makes me look forward to a change, a complete turnover in her whole nature. Life is a game to be played with caution. In my daughter's life and her associates' lives there is a general atmosphere of abandon and unconcern for the future and life in general. The point I

(Concluded on page 57)

My Pet Peeve



VERY normal human being has at least one pet peeve, which to his friends seems futile or ridiculous since there is generally no apparent reason for it. Occasionally a peeve is directly tracable to circumstances, as in the case of my old friend, Mr. Jones, who has lately invested his hard earned bank roll in a sport roadster, well and unfavorably known the country over by highway policemen. Since the arrival of this new member of his family, for he counts it no less, Jones, who is one of the most good-natured men alive, has had an inveterate hatred of any driver whom he is not able to pass on the road. I laugh outright—from a proper distance—at his eccentricity.

One's own pet peeve, however, is a very different matter. In all earnestness and candor I publish the fact to the world that mine is the radio fan. When I see him coming from afar, I do my best to make myself inconspicuous until he is safely out of sight. Many times I have stepped into stores and bought things I did not want in order to avoid a meeting. But if I do not succeed in making my escape, my ears are greeted by something like this:

"Hello, Old Man, how are you? Say, last night I got O-U-C-H on my new Static-ola so loud that all the neighbors began to complain!"

While he goes on to give the details, I try to be a sport and say, "Good for you. Isn't it wonderful weather we're having?" But he is not to be turned off so easily.

"—and that is how it was done," he concludes. I feel called upon to repeat, "That's fine," when to myself I'm wishing that for his own good he will get out before I do something desperate. But it does not remedy matters to say as much to him. Like the rest of the radio insane, he does not hear me, for by now he is deep in the task of trying to convince me that the John Doe Super-Oscillator is much superior to the Willie Jones Infra-Excellent hookup. He plunges into technicalities about oscillation, capacity, inductance, frequency, filaments, grids, plates, potentials, and "C" batteries that leave me weak and breathless.

He goes on in a voice of triumph to tell how he once received South Africa, and though I hear the story every time I see him, he pauses for compliments. Absently I try to say the right thing for the occasion, but my mind is occupied in hunting ways and means to escape before going entirely crazy. He has drawn a diagram on the back of an envelope, and is talking fluently about the mystic symbols thereon.

So I say, "That's very interesting," (here I take time out to condemn myself mentally for a hypocrite) "but I have an engagement at lunch in five minutes. Perhaps you can tell me about it tomorrow." With this I rush across the street and turn as many corners as possible, leaving the radio fan still talking convincingly to the portion of the wall against which I had been recently leaning.

Often I wake up at night in a cold sweat, just from dreaming of such a meeting. It is only natural, therefore, that I should consider means for disposing of such menaces to public truth and honesty.

Obviously the easiest way would be the way of the old West. A few determined citizens with guns and ropes could do wonders, but unfortunately such methods are against the law in this enlightened state, and I have been forced to give up that idea.

There might be an amendment made to the Constitution prohibiting any one from talking radio, as they are prohibited from talking sedition, but such an act would only succeed in turning many innocent broadcast listeners into hard-boiled radio fans.

Perhaps, however, a ruling could be passed, providing that all radio fans be required to wear a badge or other distinguishing mark, large enough to be seen at a distance of two hundred yards. This would give all truth-respecting citizens a chance to get under cover, when necessary, in ample time to avoid a meeting with the outcast.

Probably the best system of all would be to impound the trouble-makers together for a few days.

(Concluded on page 56)

Class Will, June Twenty-Seven Seniors



NE fair day as we, the authors-to-be of this class will, were strolling along the campus, we sighted President Stanfield Krueger, Bagdasar Deranian, Thomas Fittz, and a couple of other senior servants looking very worried.

"What is the matter?" we asked anxiously.

In the capacity of president, Stanfield replied, "Alas, if we go into the world, equipped as we are with all manner of graces and talents, we shall find ourselves too far superior to the remainder of humanity. Our June '27 class will alight on a lonely pinnacle of fame, beauty, and intellect."

"But," we gasped, "what are you going to do about it?"

For a moment the ruler of our campus destinies looked daunted. Suddenly a bright thought gleamed in his eyes.

"We shall will some of our graces and talents to our successors," he replied with a grand gesture of his right hand.

We did not know whether we liked the idea or not—somehow it seemed too harsh. However, since we were chosen as willmakers in the ensuing election, we sighed, "It's all for the best." Dipping our quill pens into the ink, we set to work as follows:

We, the June twenty-seven seniors, being about to take our departure from Technical High School, and being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, do make our last will and testament in manner and form following:

To the Tech faculty, who have given us instruction and a large part of our ideals, do we bequeath treasures of good will and gratitude in return for those far greater treasures that they have given to us.

To our deserving sponsors we return the energy spent in quieting us during roll call whenever we waxed too jubilant; and also their interest in our welfare. We trust that they will need our donations for the next June class.

To Mr. Stuart do we give our pledges that we shall all make a mark in the world—sooner or later.

The class as a whole leaves a few dozen bolts

of leftover class colors to our successors with full directions for dyeing them to suit the next color combination.

Loyal Anderson, who has protested long and loudly, has finally consented to give his charming tenor high notes to Vincent Haines so that Vincent shall have a double chance of success when he decides to go serenading in Spain.

After many hours of soft persuasion, Bessie Brown decides to resign her adeptness with the palette and brush and her flare for Chinese jewelry to be shared between Mary Margaret McLaughlin and Marjorie DeVaney.

"Here goes my rose-leaf complexion," joyously exclaims Charles Long as he tenders it to Edgar Claffey with the hopes that Ed will be more successful than he at getting rid of "the skin you love to touch."

Leon Saler leaves his ability to swim the Australian Mugwump stroke to James St. Claire. The stroke is accomplished by lying flat on the back in the water and by gently flapping the ears.

Estherbelle Ruhsenberger succeeds Mary Lou Clark in the ownership of "ze perfectlee French frocks" and her appearing to have just stepped out of a bandbox.

Kenneth Thompson from Raymond Johnson is the gainer of a dynamic personality and a pair of brass knuckles guaranteed not to tarnish.

Phillip Baker leaves his bright sayings such as, "You may have been bread (bred) in old Kentucky but you're only a crumb in Indiana," to William Ahern.

Gertrude Wehrel, the organizer of the movement urging that all school boys should wear spats, leaves her earnest endeavor in that field to Arline Repp.

Dorothy Greene gives that cute little scream she uses whenever a Tech gridiron hero bites the dust to Gladys McDonald, another loyal Tech fanette.

James Goble gives to Kenneth Young his heart-to-heart talks with Mr. Gorman about governmental problems. Jim, we hear, is setting out for Russia to tell the Soviets a thing or two about Sovietism.

The Arsenal Cannon

Since Russell Davis has worried so much whether or not his name will appear in this will, he hereby sees it in print. He gives all his grey hairs to Harold Cloud.

Orphie Bridges bequeaths his wise saying, "It ain't such a bum world after all," to the January class as a possible candidate for the class motto.

Tech's Fanny Brice, Marian Fehrenbach, leaves her variety of clever brogues ranging from Harlem to Erin to Doris Linn.

A rabbit's foot and a hearty handshake are Junior Smith's donations to Palmer Padgett. "I'd give my face too," he explains, "but I need something to talk out of."

An autographed copy of "One Second to Sprint," Louisa Norris' autobiography, is given to Mary Haley. The book pertains entirely to Miss Norris' exciting adventures in getting to English class one buzz before the last buzzer.

Easperance Hilt's dancing feet and her charmingly tilted nose go to Rheta Gardner. Although we realize "Ep" will go into the world danceless and noseless, she will still have her sparkling personality—and that's not to be sneezed at.

The melodious "do-re-me's" and the cunning frocks, possessed by Alma Frohne, from hence will be the property of Anna Catherine Deems—plus an intriguing little volume entitled, "The Handsome Engineer's Romance."

Thomas Pittz favors Maurice Saleba with all his middle names and a wooden nickel; and his campus strolls with the beauteous Mary Virginia Aldridge go to Earl Grimsley and Doris Hair.

To Mary Evan Friend does Wilma Mae Wolf leave her liking for Persian love-lyrics.

Naomi, Elsie, and Ruth give a 999 year lease on the big Guild-Gilkison-Landers friendship to any three January senior lady-pirates.

Vernon Abdon gives a pet white mouse (squeak! squeak!) to Jess Pritchard, who is reported to have a rollicking sense of humor. (ha! ha!) Jess can put the little pet to good use in Roll Room 179. (rah! rah!)

Roger Sneden bestows on Charles Yeager his ability to play the "nut" from Ben Bolt.

Harry Clark and George Bolen tender their novel ways of recovering lost Fords to Don Pruitt and "Hy" Hamble. The boys insert an

ad in the paper that reads, "Lizzie, come home; all is forgiven."

Thelma Wallace intrusts fifteen cents to start a fund to buy seats for the standing army to Bonita Worley.

Henry Beard imparts his fine opinion of himself to Ray Taggart. (Remember, boys, you are not the only ones who get wise-cracked.)

A thin dime, a tin whistle, and a right good swag of "chawin'" gum, which make up the entire contents of John Rosebaum's pockets, go to Frank North.

A little thin bank, shiny and unused, that was once intended as a receptacle for the pennies left over from Robert Berner's lunches, is committed to Eugene Foley. Bob says he hopes that Foley will be a better Scotchman than he.

Louise Alford gives to Elizabeth Abbott a cookie duster, a toothpick restorer, and other household odds and ends that she has somehow managed to accumulate.

Gordon Derby, after having been chased over the campus, lassoed, and there on the spot compelled to give up his secret of being the chief topic of the fair sex's conversation on the campus, wills the secret as a gift to Ray Hernor.

Fred Wuelfing, who, by the way, is an answer to a flapper's prayer, gives this admirable trait to James Cook.

Frank Fairchild and Mildred Beadle leave their ouija boards, crystals, and tea-leaves to the January '28 prophets.

With sorrow in his gentle eye, Claude Sperlin says, "I confer my youthful hopes of becoming an iceman, my manly jaw, and my kittenish ways with the girls to John S. Davis."

The dusky curls which Frances Blomberg insists won't stay combed go to Marian Schleicher.

Malcolm Davidson puts in a word about sincerely hoping, now that he is going to be graduated, that the school will make great strides forward.

John Hughes, one of Tech's "bad men," gives his part in the the class play to "Art" Reenking, or some other villain.



The Arsenal Cannon

Vida Bennett wills the speed she acquired in snatching salt-shakers and dashing away to safety in the lunch room to Leona Marsh.

"Fran" Shaffer wills her breezy personality and her good looking fur coat to Alice Gentry with directions how to keep the moths out of both.

Lena May's trig dresses are the heritage of Dorothy Wilson—and also the two little ringlets that curl so charmingly on her cheeks.

Ah, Allie Motley, clap your hands in girlish glee for you are the heiress of Marion White's amazing intellect and her knack of dashing off poems and word pictures.

Rodney Drane commits his sudden burst of speed and his merry "Come on, foots, Black Bottom" to Karl Rosenberg.

Vernon Cravens and Kenneth Fischer are kind enough (bless their little hearts) to leave their photographs to Tech so that she can start a "Hall of Fame."

Kenton Gardner, living proof of the great moral, "You can't keep a great man down after his first haircut," gives his vast knowledge of what constitutes a good track meet to Roger Frey.

Francis Jones gives Myron Northern his part in the great international debate, "Which came first—the chicken or the egg?"

William Taggart leaves his deep sympathy for all stray campus canines to William Ahern. He also gives William four car tokens which he can, by some means, convert into cash and use to start a dog asylum.

Dale Young and Sarah Elizabeth Miller will their joint pleasure in tickling the ivories to a January Paderewski.

Leslie Muesing confers the tact and diplomacy with which he handles ruffled pedagogues to Paul Richards.

Lillian Steinmetz gives to Mary Ross all her stage talent, and also a bucket of tears which she failed to shed in the roll of Eleanor.

Ruth Elrod wills instructions to January seniors as to the correct way of balancing a diet and a tray in the Tech lunch room.

Bert Johnson gives Paul Pike his wild arm-waving, used while surveying the campus. (Hey, you goof, you're ten inches off.)

They say the world produces a great man every hundred years. Now that Richard Chew

is here, we should make the most of it. He wills his terrific brain power to Warren Wright.

Mildred Klein confers all the time she spent at senior play rehearsals in prompting the absent-minded actors to Bessie Braughton.

Jane DeHart wills to Mary Dunbar the great joy she gets out of telling "Brier Rabbit" stories to the little boys and girls of Roll Room 4.

Betty Shirrell, who likes Vassar fudges, Yale locks, and everything else that is collegiate, wills her liking to Elizabeth Alston.

"My strong resemblance to the Prince of Wales, my wide renown as an actor, and my rollicking big voice," are Theodore Sedam's little souvenirs for George Lydick.

Harry Wood from James Cory receives a bashful blush and an inimitable way of laughing up his sleeve.

Winifred Long wills to Lorraine Pierson her soft gazelle eyes and a big laughing dimple in her chin.

Meredith O'Harra, who is always the first to don knickers in the spring, gives his kingly raiment and one dozen moth-eaten moth-balls to keep the garments fit to Clayton Rice.

Max Lewis and Robert Walden confer their innumerable methods of making hearts go pitty-pat to Don Cook and Herbert Wagner. (Now, boys, there are two courses open to you—the stage or the screen.)

"Bobby" Collins is the heiress of Louise Fahle's widely known talent. In case Bobby has any doubts what course to take with her new possessions, we advise her to head for Hollywood.

Henry Gibson to Leonard Lutz gives a pair of golf pants with the directions, "for golf—and golf only."

Armada Carver's blarney and LeRoy Clouse's sang-froid go to Paul Butt.

William Redding gives his appetite to officiate as judge (order! order!) and his secret yearning for poetry (Maud Muller on a summer's day, etc.) to Oran K. Smith.

All of the noise "Bob" Gates made rapping and snarling and shrieking in the senior class play is given to a January senior yell-leader whose pep waxes above the average.

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Tiefa



RUST THESE AMERICANS! I threw down in disgust a tabloid page picturing a mountain of a cook with one arm akimbo and the other holding a sauce pan. She was captioned, "Kolaedre, the great American prima donna, who has just finished being an incognito cook in a Coney Island establishment that she might have to perfection her lead in the 'Singing Cook,' an opera soon to be presented in New York City."

"Faugh, these Americans, to what extent they will go to be realistic," I cried, tugging at my mustache in genuine disgust. I asked myself hopelessly when I would leave off being a Russian to become an American. If I wrote a drama about a grave-digger or a prince, these Americans expected me to live the part first, did they? Just at that moment I thought of a little Russian who was awaiting me at the dock and who was probably standing alone and frightened at the very time when I was meditating upon the bizzarrities of America. Tiefa was her name—this little Russian immigrant, the niece of my landlady.

"Tiefa will be very naive and she will know nothing of slang and jazz and Americans trying to be realistic in even her book-writing and song-singing," I told myself as I strode forward on the dock to meet my little charge. Then I saw her.

Frightened and perplexed, a dark young girl in Russian peasant dress looked about for the chanted world of America. For a moment she stood alone with a pathetic old-world traveling-box at her feet. Accustomed as passersby were to the myriad faces of aliens they peered with interest into her black, fathomless eyes. Suddenly she looked at me, standing a few feet before her.

"You are Ignatz?" she asked; when she spoke my name, I felt strangely young.

"Yes, little Tiefa," I answered in my smoothest Russian. "And do not fear for I will lead you safely into this strange land." With a bird-like timidity, she took my arm, and followed me obediently out of the narrow teeming streets into the radiance of Manhattan.

I glanced down at her often as we walked by the shops. Dark strands of hair escaped from beneath her little plaid shawl; she did not bother to brush them aside in the wonder of the world about her. I felt as if I were leading home a little gypsy child, and that the lights were all torches in her father's camp. What queer thoughts! As I helped her up the steps of the ghetto tenement, I felt a sort of qualm that my meeting with this wonderful dark child had ended.

Soon we knew each other better. She began to call me soft affectionate Russian names. Sometimes I became impatient with her slow learning—for her tongue would not accustom itself to the strange English sounds. But when she narrowed her long eyes and lisped something sweet in Russian, I could not resist her. I would put the old grammar aside and tell her about Coney Island and the Woolworth Tower—all the strange wonders of this new land to which she had come.

Soon I felt myself falling in love with her. It was after a long walk down a little crooked street—she had picked up a stray kitten to fondle it—that I spoke out simply.

"Tiefa," I said, "I love you."

"Why?" she asked me, lifting up her little heart-shaped face.



"Because you are so delightfully Russian," I whispered, and when I saw her smile triumphantly, happily, I added, "Your eyes—your lips—your hair—all of you reminds me of the Russian suns beating down upon me in the fields when I was a boy, dream moons shining over Moscow—ah, Tiefa! Tiefa!" But she had gone; she was running swiftly, smoothly, like a boy, back to the house. I followed her, startled and yet intrigued by this sudden gesture of Tiefa, my little sweetheart.

Up the steps, down the hall, into the parlor—and there I saw her clasping the feet of her aunt, laughing and crying at the same time, “He says I am delightfully Russian—that I look like Russian suns and moons—hot zippity!” I paused on the threshold; my mouth gaped; my eyes bulged. For my Tiefa, the little Rush, was talking American—the same American that the street-urchins jabber. For a moment I thought I had gone mad. I crossed the room and lifted her up from the floor not very gently, because I was a little angry with her for her deception.

“You talk English? Tiefa—,” and on impulse I added, “who are you?”

“She is Bertha Duvery,” her aunt interrupted, “and I am Jean Hermann.”

“But you talk American—you are not Russian?” I gasped. Then the girl explained.

“You see, Ignatz, we are really working up our parts for the Russian play, ‘Vodka.’ Neither Jean nor I had our characterizations perfected, so we planned it all out that Jean could be a landlady for a while, and I would be a Russian girl, and you—you—”

“Me, me, yes, what of me?” I asked her angrily.

“We—ll,” she hesitated. “Really, Ignatz, you were to make it a bit more realistic. You see, in the play there’s a Russian girl who—”

“Faugh!” I shouted vehemently.

The former light of my life looked slightly disconcerted; then she said, “Really, Mr. er—a—Loskoffski, my husband might be able to use one of your books some day in return for—”

“Faugh!” I shouted again, only more vehemently, and I strode from the room; and—well if anyone speaks about Americans being realistic, I can tell them about Tiefa.

MINNIE AUERBACH

My Pet Peeve

(Concluded from page 51)

In this interval, having no one to talk to, the radio fans would have bored each other to the point where all would willingly sign a pledge never to mention the subject again.

When this happy state arrives, I shall again be on the market for a pet peeve.

ROBERT BERNER

Theater Weeps

Did you ever, while watching an especially sad part of a movie, feel a big, uncomfortable lump rise slowly in your throat; and did you ever fight against that lump, swallowing desperately and telling yourself how silly it was to cry over a little thing like that? If you haven’t, you’re lucky and yet unlucky, for you have missed the greatest, most desperate battle in your life. If there is anyone who thinks that sensible people do not cry over movies, let him listen to the audience during the sad part of any picture, and he is sure to hear a loud sniff on one side and a violent nose-blowing on the other.

Most theater weepers have experienced three stages in crying: the lump stage, the swimming stage, and the overflow stage. When a big lump gets stuck in your throat, you are in the lump stage; when your eyes begin to swim in moisture and you find it hard to see, you are in the swimming stage; when the tears trickle down your cheeks, you are in the overflow stage. If you conquer your emotions in the lump stage, you have much to be thankful for. If you conquer them in the swimming stage, you have done fairly well. If you do not conquer them until the overflow stage, you have experienced the worst moment of your life.

This fight against crying is experienced by more people than any other struggle. The first symptom is difficulty in swallowing. That awful lump rises in your throat. You try vainly to swallow it. Why on earth doesn’t something funny happen in the picture so that you can laugh and forget about it? But the picture grows sadder and sadder, and the lump grows larger and larger. In a vain effort to swallow that now enormous lump you give a great gulp that you know everyone in the theater has heard. Embarrassed, you sink back in your seat and give your attention to the movie again. It happens that a picture intended to make you sympathize with the heroine is then on the screen, and you feel a suspicious moisture cover your eyes. My goodness, something must be done; you have advanced to the second stage! How silly to cry over a little thing like that; of course it will come out all right in the end. You blink rapidly, you gaze at the ceiling,

but your curiosity forces you to look at the picture again. How hard you try to drive back those unwelcome tears, but they come anyway. It is no use, your eyes are so full that you can no longer see. Suddenly there is a trickle down one cheek. The awful moment has come! You dive for the trickle with your handkerchief. A terrible feeling that every one is looking at you steals over you. There comes one of those blankety-blank tears down the other cheek! Hurriedly you make another dive with your handkerchief, glancing shamefacedly around to see if anyone has noticed you. To your surprise you find your neighbor doing the same thing. You both feel embarrassed, smile, and turn quickly away. But the smile has cured you; you feel better now. You really enjoy the rest of the picture!

FLORENCE RATHERT

My Daughter—The Modern Girl

(Concluded from page 50)

am trying to convey is that as a consequence of this life, this whirlwind, this utter disregard of the vital points of life, there must be necessarily a climax, a point where things have reached a maximum, the top of the hill, and must undergo a reaction. When one has lived as she has lived, has adopted the principles the men and women of today experienced when they were twenty, is it not logical to expect a pre-developed person, one who has, in the language of the younger person, become "burned out"? To one who has reached this stage life becomes a bore. Dances, parties, shows, or dates don't hold their former attraction.

And this is the state I expect my daughter to experience sometime in the future. That is why I hold no particular fear about her. Sometimes I want to tell her of these conditions, but then I drop my task for I remember that I would be arguing with a "Flapper."

ALVEY PITTMAN

Moonlight In August

*"The sun is in the West,
The birds have gone to rest,
The time I love the best is here."*

Diana, the mistress of the moon, has risen high in the heavens and has flooded the earth with a paleness that is enchanting and beautiful. I wonder if the people in the theater-going city have paused to note the August moonlight as I, on the water's edge, am doing.

Before me lies the broad lake which in the quiet moonlight glitters like a tray in a silver shop. The glistening moonbeams frolic over the sparkling water. Across the lake there looms a mass of solid darkness, the tall trees which lift their branches to the heavens as if to support the clouds and skies above. The pond lilies send forth a faint perfume. The monotonous hoot of an owl breaks the silence. Has he been star-gazing too?

The big smiling harvest moon shines down on the landscape, turning it into a playground for fairies that dance in their favorite dells, back and forth beneath the shadows.

Still, all is calm and peaceful; a feeling of drowsiness spreads over all. As I turn to go, I am singing snatches of a song which I love:

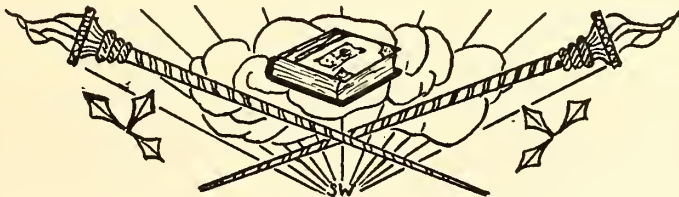
*"The silver moon is floating,
Is floating up so high.
A fairy crew is boating,
Is boating in the sky."*

MARION LAMONT

Kin Hubbard Talks to Russell Potter

(Concluded from page 49)

"Abe Martin" holds a unique place in our national humor. His books are packed with delicious wit; his daily comments probably rejuvenate more tired business men each evening than any other dozen words so printed in America.



A Sylvan Spot

We stumbled upon it when on a long ramble through the country in Indian Summer. It was a most beautiful little spot, this glade in the autumn woods.

Over it all hung the sky, the deep, vivid blue, the tender blue, the unchanging blue of a golden afternoon. And clean against the azure arch were flung the flaming, glowing branches of a red maple sturdily growing alone, close by a little stream that whispered along. All about it, hemming it in with yellows, greens, browns, and russets, crowded the forest trees, a sun-flecked wall of merging color.

Where the silver brook slipped into a silent pool, cerulean-tinted from the mirrored sky, grew plumed clumps of goldenrod, yellow—yellow as the moon on a warm summer night. The brooding, drowsy Spirit of Autumn seemed to hover over the place with caressing wings. We turned and went silently away lest we break the spell by a spoken word.

The March

The drawbridge has been lifted—

Tech's banners catch the breeze,
Inspiring us to venture forth
In quest of victories.

Tech's heritage, our worthy shield,

Tech's name, our emblem fair—
So armed, we part the wilderness
To seek our triumphs there.

The sunlight is before us.

We have left the dawn behind
Gleaming on Tech's pinnacles
And in her soul enshrined.

Our Destinies are calling.

So must we make adieus
To buoyant strolls down campus walks
And lilac avenues.

The drawbridge has been lifted—

We march, a train of youth,
Beyond our Tech, and bear with us
Her precepts of the truth.

MINNIE AUERBACH

Study Flattery Now

There are two ways to get along in this world: one is by hard work and the other by flattery. And since there are plenty to do the hard work we might as well take up flattery.

The recipe for flattery is extremely simple and easy to remember. Take a plentiful assortment of sugar-coated words and add to them an extra coat of dripping honey; complete with a soft, mushy voice and a look of adoration.

The next and harder item is to choose your victims. Strange, but all people do not yield to flattery as well as others; they just refuse to listen to our pretty speeches. So if we are selecting a gentleman, let us make certain it is the "I love me" type. If he walks with a swing, wears the latest-cut overcoat, glances backward occasionally to see how many girls are following him, and wears an eyebrow mustache, we have the best prospect in Indianapolis.

As for the young lady, we must ascertain that she takes tiny, mincing steps; has long, curling eyelashes, a tiny red mouth, and a baby stare.

Really, the flatterers are to be congratulated on the skillful thoroughness of their work. Some of the loveliest persons have become self-worshipping egotists through their influence. And goodness knows we are all fools enough anyway, but when the flatterers begin work, we are perfect fools.

MILDRED BEADLE

Tech Kinships

Be he underclassman or June graduate, the average Tech student has little thought for the day when he can no longer be a part of Tech, enjoying her friendships, attending her activities. It seems a strange dream that there can never be a mere memory, familiar buildings but strange faces, and people who do not remember!

A few months' absence from the dear old school, new and unfriendly faces, opportunities for comparison, and it is an unusual alumnus who does not experience a tug within him commanding him to "go back;" and then it's back you *will* come, casual student, to the Tech that will then seem so inviting; back you will be to

search for remembering teachers, familiar faces, old haunts undisturbed. Every smile of recognition, every retold tale will seem priceless; love for Tech, Tech ideals will be crystallized.

Those who have fought for Tech, done their best by her in victory or defeat on any of her varied fronts, will discover the inexpressable satisfaction of recalling worthy deeds worthily done. Remembrance will have lingered long over a past filled with achievement. An empty shell of brick and stone will greet him who has accomplished nothing to which he may point with just pride and say, "When I was at Tech, this I did!"

In the outer ring of Tech students *you* will soon take your place. You will find there an encircling brotherhood uniting those who can say the magic words, "I went to Tech!" You will enjoy preferences, grant favors, recall old times in the name of a single letter, "T." What you now are will then serve as your character yardstick. Build well *now* that in the future you will be four-square, that in that Greater Tech your personality will have placed foundation stones of solidity whose ownership one may acknowledge unashamed.

VAUGHN GAYMAN, JUNE '26

Keeping White Dogs White

I have always said that if I had a white dog, I would certainly keep him clean—that is, I said so until I got a white dog myself. Since that memorable event, my viewpoint has entirely changed. Muffy's hair is long and curly, and he is white (for nearly ten minutes after he has been bathed). We say that he is a cross between a poodle and a water spaniel. You may draw your own conclusions as to his appearance. Just after he has been bathed, he closely resembles a fluffy, white poodle. By the time the week is up, he looks more like a for-

lorn, straggly, black water spaniel. It is then that the remark is heard: "Will someone, out of the goodness of his heart, please wash that poor dog?"

This dreaded task seems invariably to fall on me, because I claim him as mine. But to wash him is both easier and sooner said than done. First, two good-sized wash tubs must be hauled up from the laundry room; water must be drawn, and the temperature taken, (it can be neither too cold nor too hot); soap, a good stiff brush, a big white towel, (Muffy has a real towel all his own) must be brought out. But all these are only the least of my worries—Muffy is yet to be found. He is no more anxious to be bathed than I am to bathe him. It is for this reason that he disappears as soon as he sees any signs of a bath. He may be found under bed, table, or chair, or in a closet, (once I found him in a hat box on top of my new, best hat.) Or, if it happens to be the right day of the week, he takes a great delight in hiding himself in the clothes basket, in the midst of the clean clothes. Nevertheless, wherever he may be, he is always found, and, by means of a cookie, a piece of candy, or a bone, he is soon coaxed out.

Then comes the actual bath which, when all the preliminaries are over, is really not bad after all. Of course, he must be talked to, cooed over, and told how wonderful he is. After a half hour of scrubbing and rubbing, I proclaim that he is as clean as he will ever be. He runs all over the house, shaking himself, and rolling on the rugs; then he goes to sleep in some sunny spot. Sometimes he is clean for ten whole minutes after his bath, and once in a while for fifteen. However, it is most discouraging to see him the next day as black as ever. I am sure that the first thing I shall buy when my ship comes in will be a glass case in which to keep my dog.

ALICE EVANS



History of the June '27 Class

(Concluded from page 43)

A class constitutional committee was formed, one member being elected from each roll room. The committee consisted of Maurice Massy of Room 1, Bagdasar Deranian, 4, and Warren Ruddell, 25. The constitution, which was drawn up and adopted by unanimous vote, provided for the election of a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and sergeant-at-arms. It also provided that nominees were to be selected by a scattered ballot in the three roll rooms.

In the general election which followed, Stanfield Krueger was elected president; Mary Virginia Aldridge, vice-president; Bagdasar Deranian, treasurer; Jeannette McArthur, secretary; and Robert Adams, sergeant-at-arms.

On January 7, 1927, the newly elected officers called a meeting of the entire senior class. Harold Fritzlen, president of the January senior class, officially presented the gavel and administered the oath of office to Stanfield Krueger, the newly elected president. Krueger then administered the oath of office to the other officers. President Krueger appointed the committees. Following the business session, Principal Stuart addressed the seniors, after which the meeting adjourned.

The Color committee met and presented many combinations of colors to be voted upon by the seniors. A vote in the three roll rooms decided the colors to be Golden Wheat and Sapphire Blue.

The following is the result of the efforts of the committees: FLOWER, Ophelia rose; TREE DAY, willow; SOCIAL, sport hop; PICTURE, Dexheimer's Studio. The Class-day committee met and nominated students for prophet, willmaker, and historian. Mildred Beadle and Frank Fairchild were elected prophets; William Cook and Minnie Auerbach, willmakers; and Thomas Fittz, historian. Elizabeth Davis was chosen class poet, and Frances Blomberg won the distinction of song-writer.

The play decided upon for the senior class was "The Road To Yesterday," with Miss Ryan as the play director. Theodore Sedam, William Cook, Mary Fletcher, Richard Tyner, Louise Fahle, Lillian Steinmetz, Robert Gates, Mil-

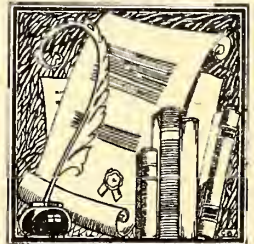
dred Kline, Marian Fehrenbach, and Virginia Balay were chosen by the faculty committee for the principal parts in the play.

Not only was the organization of the senior class of such vital interest but also were there many interesting records of the June seniors. John Rosebaum, Raymond Johnson, Minnie Auerbach, William Elliot, and Mary Frances Gray received awards for literary achievements. Major Schroeder gave LeRoy Clouse and Raymond Johnson awards for cleanliness of R. O. T. C. uniforms. The following athletes received awards: Robert Adams, Stanfield Krueger, Maurice Massy, Arnold Demmery, and Robert Walden. The seniors on the CANON staffs numbered twenty-seven.

These were as follows: Charlotte Derck, editor of Staff I; Ruth Landers, associate editor; Mildred Arnholter, copy editor; Cecile Spicklemire, vocational; Robert Miller, sports; John Rosebaum, sport assistant; Francis Iacobelli, humor; Elizabeth Davis and Ruth Hufford, reporters. The seniors on Staff II were Minnie Auerbach, editor; Thelma Land, associate editor; Anna Marie Brodeur, copy editor; Jeannette McArthur, school editor; Naomi Guild, literature; Easperance Hilt, vocational; Elsie Gilkison, Helen Peterson, Marion White, reporters. Theodore Sedam was general manager of the staffs; Thomas Fittz, business manager; Miriam Schad, magazine editor; Mildred Beadle, magazine business manager; Leonard Trent, circulation manager; Bagdasar Deranian, cartoonist; Ruby Hill, exchanges; Louise Alford, typist; and Don Ragsdale, printing production manager.

Thus ended the high school life of the June '27 seniors. We give thanks to God that it has been but their high school life they have ended and that all of them have many more years in which "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

THOMAS FITTZ



Class Will, June Twenty-seven Seniors

(Concluded from page 54)

Florence Lewis wills her nice dimple and a pair of loquacious optics to Ethel Mary Ostrom—plus a lot of this attraction we read about, called "It."

"Ed" Musselman and "Bill" Mullendore will their all-year-'round spring fever to "Don" Bauermeister and "Bob" Shadoan.

Lowell Rhodehamel presents his ability to play a brand of tennis that makes Tilden look green to Elmer Ostling.

Isabelle Guiry leaves to Helen Atwood that mystic power that enables her to chew gum with neck-breaking speed.

The honorable Joel Desmond Eastman, Junior, bequeaths his curled sideburns, monocle, and noble Anglo-Saxon ai-yahs to his most deserving understudy, Sam Fletcher.

"Bob" Adams wills one machine gun, two broadswords, and his flowing hair to the January sergeant-at-arms. Bob hopes that the recipient will not have to knock many unruly January seniors cold with his military tactics.

Stanfield Krueger wills all of his talent in directing a class as he saw fit to the January class president. And, too, he leaves his successor a most treasured implement, the gavel of the senior class president.

Bagdasar Deranian flecks a bit of lint off his million dollar personality, polishes up the key to the class million dollar treasury, and gives them both over to the January class treasurer with complete directions for usage.

Jeannette McCarthy wills a severe case of writer's cramp and one dozen headache powders to her successor, the chief scribbler of the January '28 class.

All that the authors have left to give away are the painstaking efforts they have taken in preparing this document, the last will and testament of a live-wire bunch of seniors. We have one quart of midnight oil that we failed to use, and also the regrets that we could not mention the names of all our classmates in this heart-rending bequeathment.

And as the once-popular song goes—"That's all there is—there ain't no more."

Signed and affixed, our seal, this fifth day of June in the year 1927.

MINNIE AUERBACH
WILLIAM COOK

On Going to the Store

Going to the store to trade for one's mother is one of the worst things of which I know. At first she will say, "Melvin, I want you to go to the store for me." Then she will seemingly forget about the store and how much I want to get the troublesome incident over and say, "Did you know Coomers were going to their summer home?"

After continuing on this subject for a half hour, she says, "Oh, yes, I want a dozen eggs."

Relapsing into seeming unconsciousness again, she will say, "We're going down to the farm over the week-end; do you want to go?"

To this I reply, "Oh, yes, but I can't go because I have to work; and anyway, what do you want from the store?"

"Let's see: some spaghetti, some raisins, and some rice. Did you go over to Bob's house the other night when he called up?"

"When did he call? I didn't know a thing about it," I reply.

"He called Thursday to tell you to come over. He had something for you."

"If he had anything for me, it's the first time. Now what do you want from the store?"

"Well, let's see. I want three loaves of certified bread, a dime's worth of green onions, and a half pound of Sugar Creek butter."

I start toward the door when she says, "Wait just a minute while I look in the coffee can to see if we have any coffee."

When I get out of the house and start down the street, she calls after me, "Wait, Melvin, wait! I want you to get some cheese."

I reply, "What kind of cheese do you want: some cottage, cream, brick, Swiss, green, Greek, or limberger?"

She says to get some cottage and some limberger and some of that yellow Greek cheese.

"Yes," I answer, "but how much do you want me to buy?"

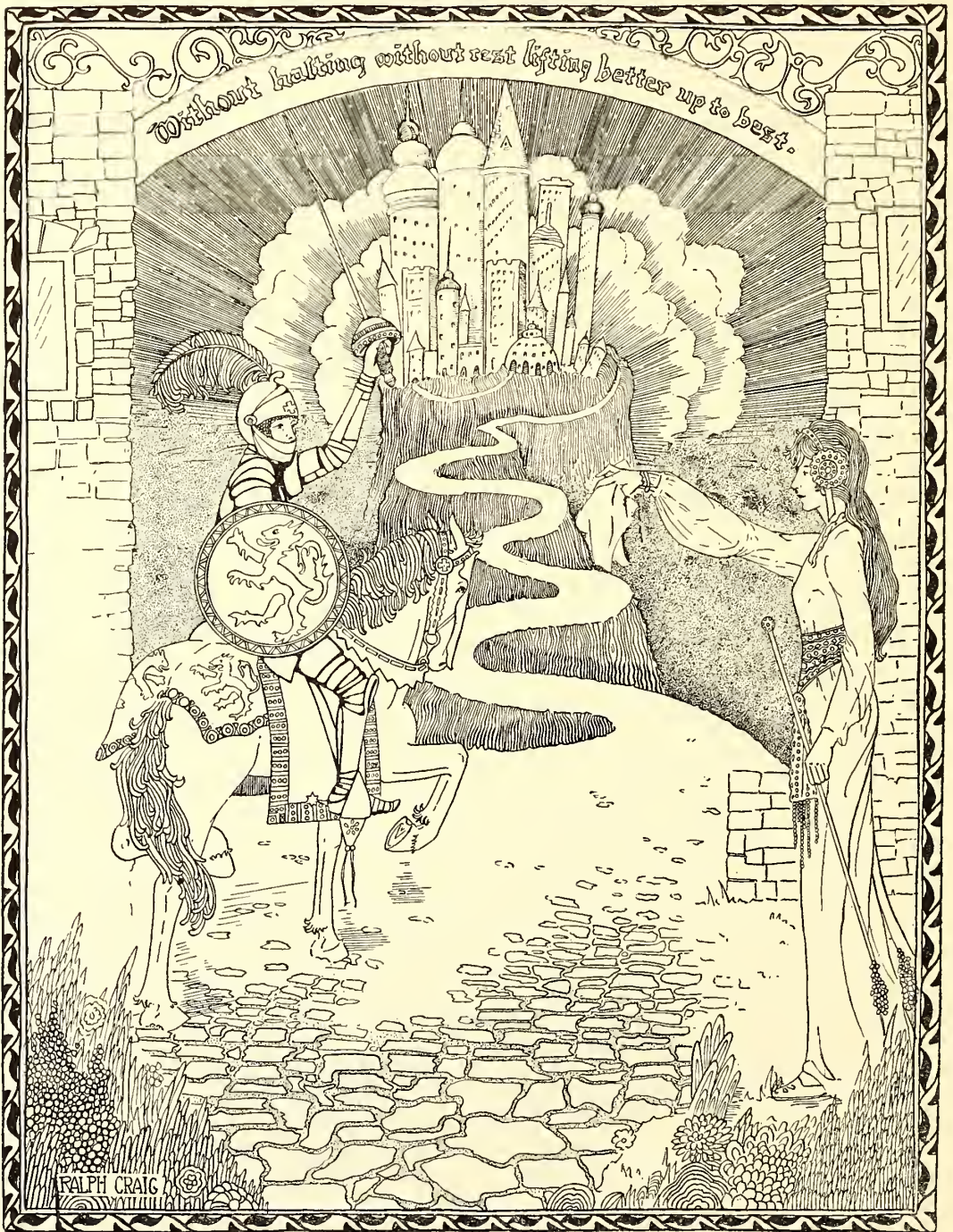
"Oh, just get some," she says.

"But I won't get any unless you tell me how much you want of each."

We settle that. But after I get to the store, my mother will call up and tell the grocery keeper to send her some lettuce and some Fleischman's yeast by Melvin!

I hate to go to the store! MELVIN JOHNSON

The Arsenal Cannon



THE GUIDING STAR

Tech High Day by Day

JANUARY 24th—New semester starts with an enrollment of 5528 sleepy students. Four days of rest make anybody yawn.

JANUARY 25th—931 freshies slide to school while 1455 grown-up sophomores, 1069 sophisticated juniors, and 995 perfect specimens of the ideal high school student fall for them. It was slick today.

JANUARY 26th—Meeting of June seniors and post-grads called by Mr. Stuart for stimulating interest in the Barton Bradley scholarship fund.

JANUARY 27th—Tom Fittz is seen sprinting across the campus. We know he has gone out for track.

JANUARY 28th—"Dick" Fox, our "Beau Brummel," visits his Alma Mater.

JANUARY 29th—Won a game from Evansville, 55 to 30.

JANUARY 31st—Vernon Cravens walks from the Portables to the new lunch room between the sixth and seventh without encountering anybody he knows.

FEBRUARY 1st—June senior class activities start with the posting of the report of the color committee in the Main.

FEBRUARY 2nd—The ground hog saw his shadow.

FEBRUARY 3rd—"Bobby" Adams and "Stan" Krueger were not seen in the library today during the ninth period. What's wrong?

FEBRUARY 4th—Freshies come to school on roller skates. Sapphire blue and golden wheat become the senior colors.

FEBRUARY 5th—Tech plays Muncie. We can't afford many games like this one, 43 to 33 for the opponents.

FEBRUARY 7th—Marble season begins.

FEBRUARY 8th—The campus is flooded with CANNON agents.

FEBRUARY 9th—Kenneth Fischer left his smile at home this morning, and nobody had one for sale.

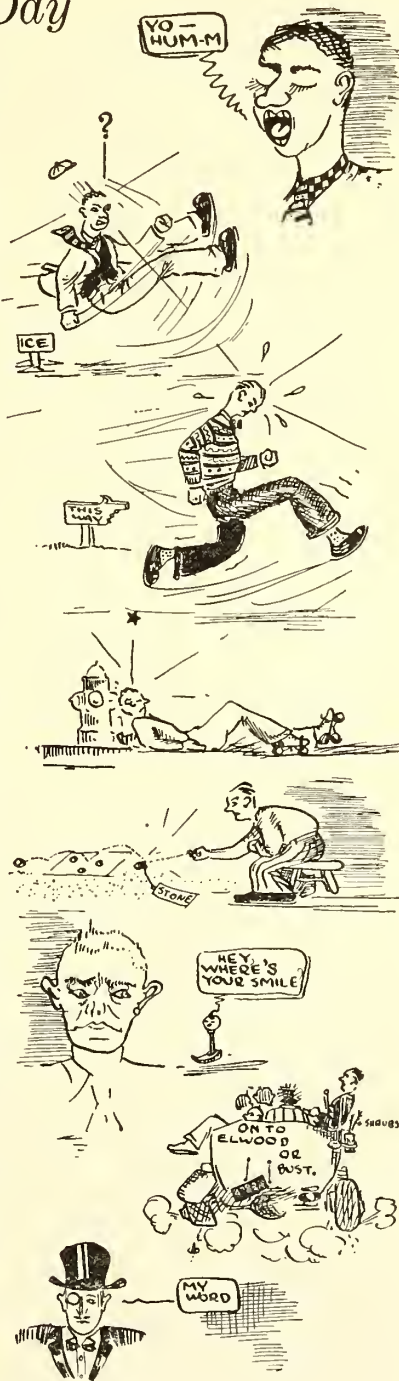
FEBRUARY 10th—"Hal" Winters, our grown-up Penrod, has a new pup. Hal claims it is a very rare species of hot dog.

FEBRUARY 11th—Win or lose, the team has gone to Elwood. We'll tell you what happens when we find out.

FEBRUARY 12th—Well, we won, 20 to 19. Fox Thompson saved the day. The score of the Lebanon game is 55 to 26.

FEBRUARY 14th—"My word, old top," said J. D. Eastman, squinting through his monocle, "I can scarcely realize that Valentine's day has rolled round again."

FEBRUARY 15th—"Sprig is cub." The R. O. T. C. is on the march again; the Girls' Glee Club is sponsoring the sale of tickets for the Barton Bradley Scholarship Benefit.



The Arsenal Cannon



FEBRUARY 16th—Marion White astounded the Latin VIII class today by refusing to recite. Mary Egan arose to the occasion (the floor) and gave the lines Marion couldn't.

FEBRUARY 17th—Baseball practice begins. All the little germs are battling on the diamond.

FEBRUARY 18th—If "Maury" Massy is the star of the team, is Fox Thompson the moon?

FEBRUARY 19th—The curtain-raiser with McCordsville and the Tech scrubs was a very good game (of leap frog.) In the clash with Vincennes, it was moonlight, the stars were out, and we won the game, 33 to 24.

FEBRUARY 21st—What is this world coming to? They are painting danger signals green instead of red. Have you seen the new report cards?

FEBRUARY 22nd—Adios—we'll see you tomorrow.

FEBRUARY 23rd—We heard that pancakes, Russell Davis, and basketball don't make a good combination.

FEBRUARY 24th—Helping Doris Linn over a fence while on a zoology trip led to the downfall of both Doris and Ted Wagner.

FEBRUARY 25th—"Ah!" exclaimed the admiring girl friend to Lorraine Pierson, "I don't want to be cute. I'd lots rather be like you." Lorraine is still wondering.

FEBRUARY 26th—A victory, won from Jefferson, Lafayette, completes the basketball schedule of the season. Score: 53 to 26.

FEBRUARY 28th—First Robin seen on the Tech campus.

MARCH 1st—Sectional tickets go on market. Price \$1.50. We haven't lunched for a week.

MARCH 2nd—From the buzzing of a group of girls, one, little Jeannette McCarthy, piped out above the rest: "Oh say, mother has the peachiest new hat! And it just looks grand on me."

MARCH 3rd—Come on, team! Let's fight! Pep session in the boys' gym.

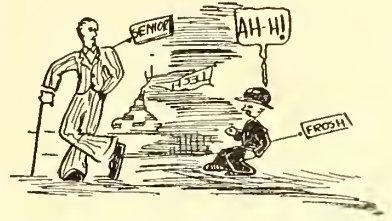
MARCH 4th and 5th—Tech has removed itself to the cow barns to see the Tech team defeat in order: Manual, Oaklondon, Valley Mills, and Warren Township, thus winning the local sectional. Yeh! Rah! Team! Spell it out!

MARCH 7th—On to Anderson! It seems as though there's going to be a lot of shoe leather wasted between here and there.

MARCH 8th—But that is neither here nor there! The school has chartered a special train to Anderson! Round fare \$1.25; regional tickets \$1.00. Total \$2.25 plus (?) for dinner in Anderson. Our money is here, our lunch is there, and will be for the next twenty years.

The Arsenal Cannon

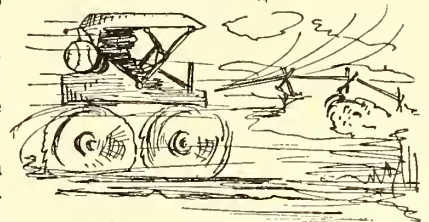
MARCH 9th—Today we discovered a great truth. *Seniors are queer things.* Gladys Moore has been doing her best to shed a few crocodile tears, Bagdasar Deranian has been trying to support a fencing sword and scowl, Robert Gates has been saying tender words to a blank wall, and Marian Fehrenbach has been talking with a sweet Irish accent. Between sobs Gladys told us that senior play try-outs are being held over in Sixty and that much practice is needed for the ordeal.



MARCH 10th—Ever since the sectional Henry Gibson has been trying to find out what boys on the team say when they get their heads together.



MARCH 11th—Senior play cast announced: Theodore Sedam, our hero; Mary Fletcher, the heroine; "Dick" Tyner, second lead; Lillian Steinmetz, second lead; "Bill" Cook, comedy role; Marian Fehrenbach, Irish role; Mildred Klein, Dolly and all the name signifies; Louise Fahle, the gypsy maid; Virginia Balay, Aunt Harriet.



MARCH 12th—The notable day on which the basketball team beat Anderson in the regional and then closed their basketball season because Sharpsville refused to lose theirs. Some good basketball, though, that Tech team played.

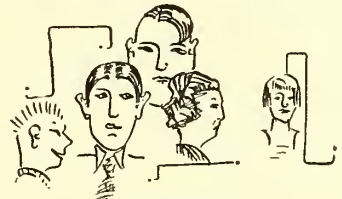


MARCH 14th—Baseball practice is coming along all right. The marble season is at its full height.

MARCH 15th—Today we began to notice hair cuts. On inquiring, this is what we found out:

KIND OF HAIRCUT: WHERE TO GET ONE: WHOSE GOT ONE:

Convict	Sing Sing	Bethane Fuson
Athletic	Varsity	"Kenny" Fischer
Windblown	Take your hat off	Every girl in school
Pineapple	Hawaii	Dorothy Greene
Boyish	"per se"	"Bob" Adams



MARCH 16th—Thelma Wallace has discovered the reason why she has never been able to sing like Caruso: One must elevate her chin and eyebrows in order to let out a high note. Thelma has always been so bashful that she looks at the floor and consequently the world has lost a great artist.

MARCH 17th—"Jim" Corey is beginning to wonder if spring is ever coming. His ear muffs are getting dilapidated.

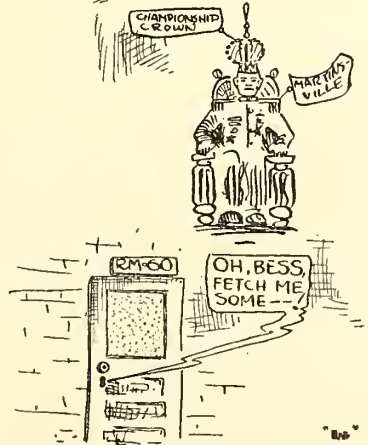
MARCH 18th—School rather vacant. Everybody's out at the state tournament.

MARCH 19th—Martinsville takes the state tournament.

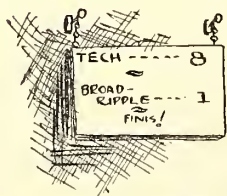
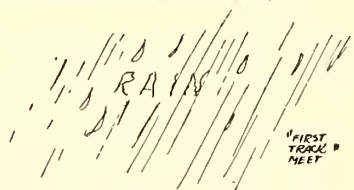
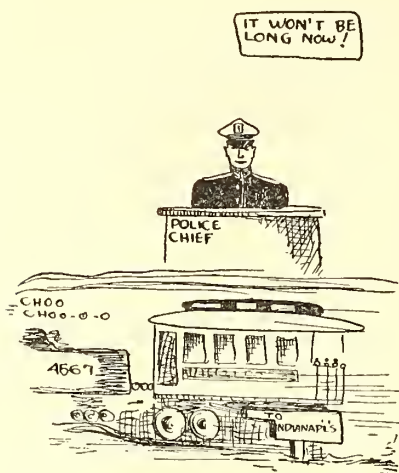
MARCH 21st—Echoes from Room 60 foretell the best senior play ever given by Technical students.

MARCH 22nd—"Pip" May says he'd be a lot better off if it weren't for his handsome brothers.

MARCH 23rd—Adolphe Shriber starts spring vacation today.



The Arsenal Cannon



MARCH 24th—It won't be long now!

MARCH 25th—Fifteen representatives from Tech CANNON staff attend the fourth district press convention at Warren Central High School.

(Four p.m. Friday, March 25th, to 8:15 a.m., Monday, April 4th,—Spring vacation.)

MARCH 30th—"Bob" Miller acted as mayor of the city and Theodore Sedam as chief of police from 11:a.m. to 12 a.m. today. The city administration is certainly improving.

APRIL 5th—Miss Goddard, head of the English department, has returned from Chicago where she has been attending Chicago university.

APRIL 6th—The track boys are beginning to train. *The News* printed their pictures and the names of those out for track.

APRIL 7th—"Stan" Krueger today taught "Sam" Fletcher how to prance back and forth when making a speech.

APRIL 8th—Intermittent showers prove that April has arrived.

APRIL 11th—Why can't they give the grass a chance? The janitors are busy with their little "put-put-put" machines cutting it down.

APRIL 12th—The whole gang of pear trees in front of the Annex is in bloom.

APRIL 13th—Max Lewis was telling the sixth hour advertising class today about the new "epidemic" subjects here at Tech.

APRIL 14th—With all this rain, do you suppose Pogue's run can overflow and give us a vacation? This is Ruth Lander's bright idea.

APRIL 15th—The first track meet of the season was a big washout. Tech was the top scorer in the big pourdown. The competitor was Muncie.

APRIL 18th—Just another damp day of school.

APRIL 19th—Doris Hare says she just adores nobility—especially earls.

APRIL 20th—Tech-Broad Ripple baseball game. Score: Tech 8, Broad Ripple 1.

APRIL 21st—William (Bill) Ruskaup is laboring under the impression that he is a wonderful poet. If he had whiskers, he'd be a go—at.

There was a young man named Do
Who thought he could make a radio,
He fetched his pliers and a bundle of wires
But failed to make the thing go.

The Arsenal Cannon

APRIL 22nd—Tree Day. A weeping willow and a yellow poplar (tulip tree) are the June seniors' addition to Tech's forestry. Mr. Stuart placed the first shovel of dirt around the trees; Stanfield Krueger, the June senior president, the second; and so on down through the class officers. The trees stand in the plot next to the fountain.

APRIL 25th—Track meet. Participants: Tech-17, Kokomo-21, Noblesville-15, Brazil-10, Linton-8, Greenfield-7, Manual-6, Martinsville-3, Muncie-1, Elwood-1, Shortridge-1, Rushville-0.

APRIL 25th—Another limerick writer looms up on the campus. By name he is James Cory. And this is his little poem:
Johnny drove down to the gas station
To give his Ford its daily ration,
He opened the tank and said, "Gimme nine.
While I wait I'll smoke a Camel of mine."
Alas! What an extermination!
Footnote: Sinnahs take wahnin!

APRIL 26th—There are three people, anyone of which cannot be thought of without the other. They are Maxine Rosebaum, Clarabelle Flowers, and Roberta Jolley.

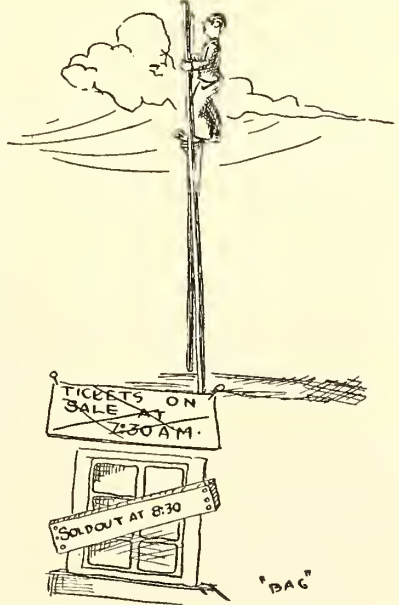
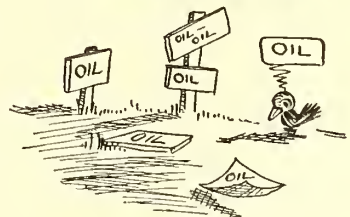
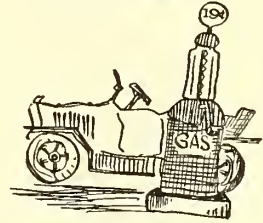
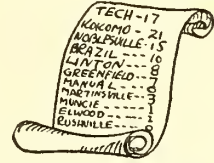
APRIL 28th—All we hear now is oil, oil, oil. "I think your pictures are very clever, but they don't do you justice. You're ever so much better looking than that," or, "Flatter you, those? Dear no, why you're every bit that good looking." Blah!

APRIL 30th—Woe to any lad who likes to tarry.
For a perfect example look at Emmett Berry.

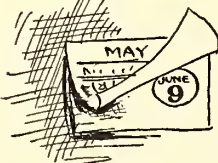
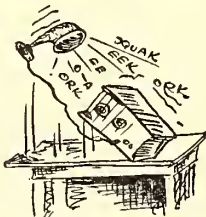
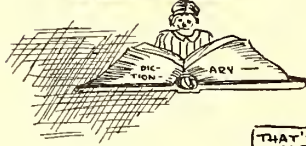
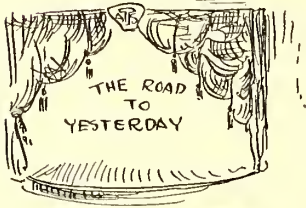
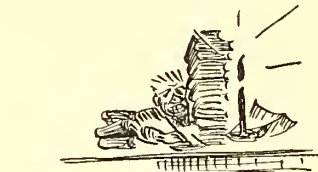
MAY 2nd—Mother called the king and queen of May early yesterday and they're both all sunburnt today.

MAY 3rd—It was a bright and sunshiny morning, was May third. That is, it would have been if several rainclouds hadn't hovered occasionally between terra firma and old Sol. On this memorable morning, Jane Gross performed the remarkable feat of walking seven miles to school on stilts. Helen Vinson, not to be outdone on seeing Jane, seized two bricks lying somewhere in the vicinity of the West Residence and tied them securely to her feet with a bookstrap borrowed, begged, or stolen from Louise Winterburn. Since Louise had only one bookstrap, Helen was obliged to tie her feet together. Thus she promenaded the campus—much to the envy of Bruce Hurlbert and Ruth Elrod. The howls of laughter from Harriet Thomas and George Brass when they saw Helen running to catch Jess Pritchard seemed very unusual and improper.

MAY 4th.—No advertising, no speeches, no yelling was necessary to sell the tickets to the senior play. The tickets went on sale at 7:30 a. m. and were sold to the last ticket by 8:30. That was the shortest sale of any play given by Tech seniors.



The Arsenal Cannon



"BAC"

MAY 5th—The day before the play! Two sets of lessons to get tonight.

MAY 6th—The day when dreams come true. "The Road to Yesterday" was a road with no detours! A great cast, a wonderful performance, and a huge success! I guess we'll all believe in dreams now.

MAY 7th—Athletic Roundup at the Armory. Awards of block T's and small gold basketballs were made to the following boys: Russell Davis, Vernon Cravens, Fox Thompson, Kenneth Fischer, Maurice Massy, Arnold Demmary, and Earl Grimsley.

MAY 9th—The tennis courts are over-crowded. We have many Vincent Richards, Bill Tildens, and Helen Wills in the making.

MAY 10th—Mostly fair.

MAY 11th—Shirley Oldridge has been busy for two days trying to get a definition of a detour. Today, Melvin Hobbs enlightened her with this information: A detour is the roughest distance between any two points.

MAY 12th—Cold! Sports picture taken. Thinyclads shiver! Plans made for taking movies of the campus and classes in action.

MAY 13th—Hippity hop, tickity tock,

From eight o'clock to ten

The seniors had a glorious time

At the sport hop—that is when.

MAY 16th—Commercial art classes complete drawings for June magazine.

MAY 17th—A book fair began at Ayres today. Many prominent authors have arrived in the city. Budding journalists swarmed down for interviews. Several interviews will appear in the CANNON.

MAY 18th—Today the false radio in 139 broadcasted the following (?):

1. Evidently Helen Atwood's head does not resemble her name. For proof, look at the honor roll.

2. Donald Bauermeister having gained national recognition for his complexion issues this statement to the Press: I eat an apple a day, also a cake of yeast a day; I prefer Rose Blush to other inferior cosmetics, and Lilywhite! Ah, it's exquisite! It gives my face such a wonderful feeling; I could jump for joy.

3. Three cheers! Harold Colad made the honor roll. Better watch out, Harold, there might be rain ahead.

4. There has been a request for John Davis to sing and play "Way Down Upon the Swanee River." We are very sorry, but this station does not furnish transportation.

MAY 19th—Three weeks until June ninth.

The Arsenal Cannon

MAY 20th—R. O. T. C. inspection held on the field. Tech has up to this time received the red star five times.

MAY 22nd—Eleven years ago today the Supreme court decided to give the Arsenal grounds to the school city of Indianapolis. One long week of celebration this week. Visitors galore to come; students will act as guides.

MAY 23rd—Jack McCoy declares he wishes he had lived 300 years ago, because then he wouldn't have so much history to learn.

MAY 24th—I wonder if it's hot enough for everybody today. Tech banquet at Columbia Club to celebrate fifteenth anniversary of our school.

MAY 25th—Alfred Moore in English VIIC debate: "Mr. chairman, worthy opponents, and collegiates."

MAY 26th—Stirling Given uses a little poetry to express himself:

"Little rows of zeros
Not so very quaint
Make our graduation
Look as though it ain't."

MAY 27th—The Choral Society and Orchestra are going to have a concert at Cadle Tabernacle tonight. It's the final celebration of Supreme Week.

MAY 30th—Decoration Day! No school!

MAY 31th—Helen Miller thinks the formula for water is H, L, K, E, M, N, O.
Her teacher said it was H₂O.

JUNE 1st—Aileen Klaiber, a June senior, deciding to do some investigating before she graduated, discovers the following: There are forty-five lilac bushes in Lilac Lane.
There are twenty telephone poles on the quadrangle.

JUNE 3rd—Class night on the campus.

JUNE 7th—Honor night. Much excitement! Many thrills! Some surprises! Honors are always most gratefully received.

JUNE 9th—Graduation day. Farewell, dear Tech High! Let's all sing the chorus of the old Tech song before we say goodbye.

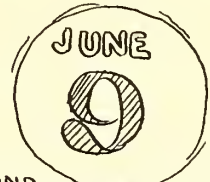
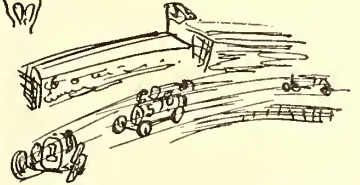
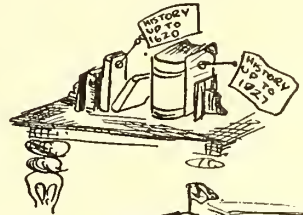
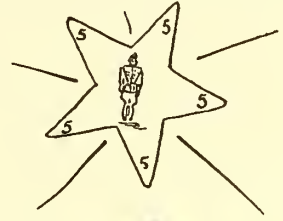
OUR TECH

For we are ardent students of the Technical, the Technical,
Our colors, green and white.

We bear the emblem of our school so dear, Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! for Tech, Our Tech's all right.

For we are ardent students of the Technical, the Technical,
Our colors, green and white.

We bear the emblem of our school so dear,
Rah! Rah! Rah!—Rah! Rah! Rah!—Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! for Tech, Our Tech's all right.



~~Goodbye?~~ ~~Adieu?~~ ~~Arrived?~~ **AND THEN THEY GRADUATED!**

JUNE '27 CLASS SONG

WORDS & MUSIC
BY
FRANCES BLOMBERG

LET US STAND OUR PRAIS-ES-UNIT-ING LET US ALL OUR VOIC-ES BRING
TO THE HON-OR OF OUR HIGH SCHOOL AND TO OUR AL-MA MA-TER SING

Chorus

DEAR AL-MA MA-TER FARE- WELL TO YOU
EACH SON AND DAUGHT-ER LOY-AL AND TRUE
WE'LL NOT FOR-GET YOU SCHOOL WE LOVE SO WELL
TECH-NI-CAL OUR AL-MA MA-TER FARE YOU WELL

JERMAN
WILSON

The Arsenal Cannon

Rich is the one who is rich in friends;
The names below new pleasure lends.

